

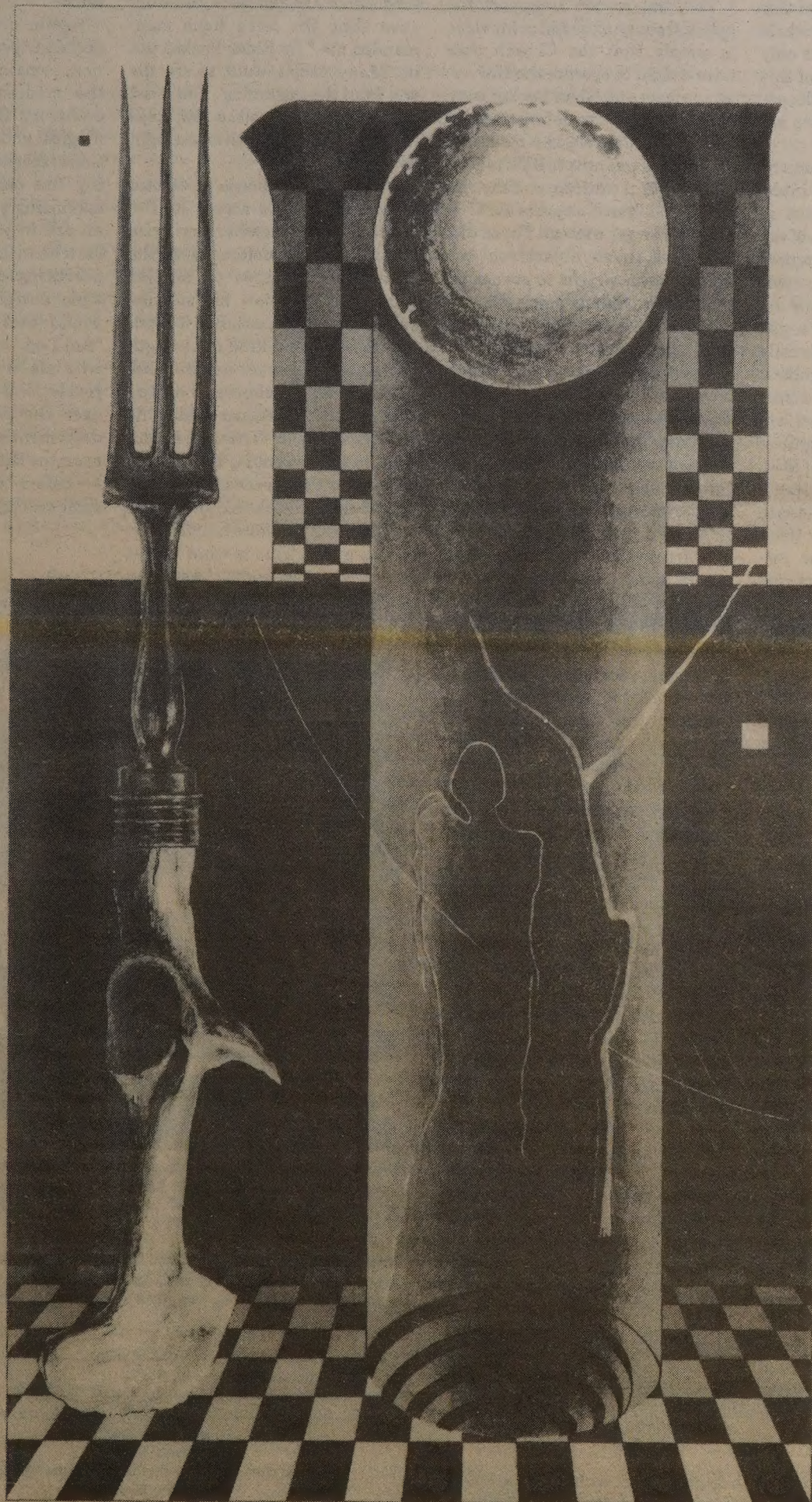
# STUDENT REVIEW

US Bulk Rate  
Paid  
Permit No. 48  
Provo, Utah

year 4 • issue 22

Brigham Young University's UnOfficial Weekly Magazine

March 9, 1990



## This Week in the *Review*

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SR Art by Cynthia Hudgens



Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, UVCC, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review is published weekly during fall and winter semesters and monthly during spring and summer terms by Student Review Foundation, a nonprofit corporation. SRF operates under the direction of the Foundation for Student Thought, also a nonprofit corporation.

A year's subscription costs \$10.

We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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## Editor's Note:

# Defending the Endorsement Policy

FOR MANY BYU students, Elder Packer's fireside on ecclesiastical endorsements settled an issue that had really never concerned them. A few, however, will react with their usual uproar.

The following is not the position of Student Review, as SR takes no positions. Many of my colleagues here—even some of the reasonable ones—disagree with me on this issue. Personally, I think the whole matter is a bit silly, and it's only because I see, in the midst of this silliness, a symptom of a deeper problem that I even bother to address it.

Some of the arguments made by opponents of the policy are interesting. One such argument is against *legalism*. Opponents of the policy argue that it is not enough to say that because the Church owns the University, it can set any requirements it chooses. They argue that while this may be technically correct, such reasoning is legalistic—it ignores the fact that something may be perfectly legal but also completely wrong. Legalism confuses the is with the *ought to be*.

I must admit that some aspects of the new policy raise questions in my mind as well, and a few these remain unresolved for the moment. Still, I have no problem supporting the policy.

A noted scholar of jurisprudence

once drew a distinction between the *external* point of view, from which we can only describe a community, and the *internal* point of view, from which we can truly understand that community. Using this framework, the first reason I support the policy is based on the external view of the sceptic, while the second reason addresses the internal perspective of faithful Latter-day Saints.

The first reason I support the policy, from an external point of view, is simply that the Church *does* have a right to operate the University as it sees fit. Elder Packer went to great lengths to define the mission of the Church, the resources the Church commits to BYU (subsidizing 70% of tuition), and the role the LDS Church expects BYU to play in a larger context. Those who question these objectives can hardly claim a *right* to pursue an alternative course using Church funds. Even the sceptic must admit this, legalistic as it may seem.

The faithful Latter-day Saint, however, doesn't need legalism. Those who accept the basic premise of the Church—that it is led by divine direction—should be able to resolve such concerns by recognizing the source of the decision. This is the internal perspective, the view from within the LDS community of belief. Too often, we in the LDS community frame matters that are really internal by nature

in external terms.

Thus the second supporting argument is this: Those who accept the premise of the LDS Church don't seek for a sign—they don't expect to completely understand every conceivable decision. Once they are convinced of the Prophet's divine direction, Latter-day Saints can accept a given First Presidency decision on faith. When questioned, they can without apology echo Adam's response: "I know not save that the Lord hath commanded me." As Elder Packer put it, "Many people want to see the end from the beginning. You must have courage to walk a few steps into the unknown—then the light will appear."

I know this response frustrates those who cannot accept it. I've heard faculty members criticize President Lee's deference to the General Authorities on similar grounds. They view his submissiveness as weakness. But it is not weakness: it is a kind of strength that critics will never comprehend.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with honest questioning. As Tennyson put it, "There lies more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." But those who doubt and seek to know should try adopting the internal perspective as a test. This is what Christ meant when he said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or

whether I speak of myself." To understand a community of belief, you must approach it from within—not from without.

Those who are unconvinced and uninterested—and there are many of these who I know and respect—should at least avoid undermining the basic premise of the Church and the objectives it has for the University. Such respect for a host should be common sense.

Again, certain aspects of this decision, particularly its application, remain unresolved for me at the moment. But that doesn't bother me. Given all the seemingly illogical and contradictory instructions recorded in scripture, accepting this one is child's play. Try sacrificing your only son, building an ark in your backyard, circling Jericho with a marching band—or practicing polygamy. Faced with such assignments, many of us would react like Bill Cosby's Noah: "Am I on Candid Camera?" Those who claim belief in continuing revelation and yet go into a tailspin over the new ecclesiastical endorsement policy should carefully examine their fundamental beliefs—before something really wild comes along.

*Eric Schulzke*

Dear Editor:

You have a fine publication, but I was disappointed that your February 16 issue didn't contain a review of Foodstock III. Here was an event that not only fed many homeless, but featured BYU musicians. I would have thought you guys would be all over it. For three cans of food (admission) it was a great bargain... The first band was really professional—after throwing the audience for a loop by playing and harmonizing beautiful (if not ironic) versions of "My Heavenly Father" and "Don't Fear the Reaper" on acoustic guitar, they tore into a set of original songs that were absolutely great—vaguely reminiscent of REM or the Smithereens. I had given up on Provo

spawning a sound that modern—who were those guys? After them, a fold quintet set up and wailed away with some intense, beautiful harmonics dominated by a strong female vocal. Some of the following acts were questionable as to how many times they actually practiced together. But their hearts were in it... Lastly, a SKA band skanked some dance tunes out and got everyone on the mosh.

Keep up the good work SR, but why not support events like Foodstock III that not only promote BYU artists but make an effort to serve the community and solve social problems? Thanks to the musicians, all of them, whoever they were.

Kevin Walker  
Park City, UT

## Staff Notes

Staff Person of the Issue • John Hamer. John did fantastic layout last week and is always on hand to answer questions, give advice, and generally make sure fixable mistakes are fixed. Thanks John!

General Staff Meeting and Pizza judging contest! This is mandatorily optional on the 16th, 8:00p.m. at the SR Office 500 N Univ. (The old Women's Gym, NOT the Old Women's Gym.) Slides by B.J. Food by Provo Pizza makers Assoc. Need a ride call Kim at 377-1379. Be square or be there.

Sunday Night Chat Sunday Mar. 18th Spiritual feast with the Hare Krishnas (Vegetarian, of course!) Stay tuned for time and directions. Don't call Jesse



Ouelessebougu Alliance

The UTAH STUDENT COALITION/OUELESSEBOUGOU ALLIANCE in partnership with the STUDENT REVIEW is sponsoring a hunger fast in coalition with the students of UNIVERSITY OF UTAH and WEBER STATE on Friday March 9th 1990.

Funds raised will go to the OUELESSEBOUGOU ALLIANCE of Salt Lake City. The OUELESSEBOUGOU ALLIANCE is a non-profit organization that aids the area of Mali, Africa known as Ouelessebougu.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ DONATION \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Mail this form and check to THE OUELESSEBOUGOU ALLIANCE

c/o 140 W. 1600 S.

Mapleton UT 84663

make checks payable to the Ouelessebougu Alliance  
mail by March 31

For more information about the Ouelessebougu Alliance attend the meeting March 21 at 7:30.



# Being Black at BYU

by Trisha E. Wallace

**M**Y NAME IS Trisha E. Wallace. My father is black. My mother is white. I was raised in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I like Billy Joel and I think Diana Ross's hair is groovy. For fun I write comedy talk shows on my tape recorder. When I was a kid my father called me Yogi Bear because he said I was "better than the average bear." My mother was very strict, but she has always been cool. When other kids made fun of us, she gave us permission to call them "honky."

Because of my father, I love Gladys Knight and the Pips and Stevie Wonder. Because of my mother, I can tolerate the Bee Gees and Neil Diamond. However, the only dance culture I have behind me is what I learned at church youth dances. Because of that, my biggest gripe is that I dance like a white girl.

From the time I was eight years old, my mother brainwashed my brothers, my sister, and me with stories of how she came to BYU. I loved it. I dreamed of the day when I would come here too.

My mother was very pretty, very talented and very popular when she came to BYU. I am only kind of pretty, kind of talented and unpopular, which is okay. BYU is a lot bigger now than it was when Mom came here.

At freshman orientation there was this big "Y" cut out of paper. Everyone was supposed to sign their names on it. I wrote Trisha E. Wallace



SR art by Mario Estioko

in huge letters. I wanted to leave my mark on BYU, even if it was just on a piece of paper. I was just like any other eighteen-year-old.

Later, I quit BYU. It wasn't because an education suddenly became important to me—that was always important to me. I worked a couple of jobs, went on a mission, then came back to BYU. I left because I was in the wrong major and I didn't know what I wanted. Eighteen-year-olds are like that.

I also felt like a stranger here. My friends, who meant well, would say, "There's one for ya," whenever a black man walked by. They would ask me, "Is he cute?" as though my eyes were different than theirs.

There was the other side of being of mixed heritage. People who didn't know me would come up to me and say, "Hi, what nationality are you?" Experience taught me that most people just wanted to know whether I was from (a) South America or (b) the Polynesian Islands.

The answer, of course, is (c) none of the above.

BYU has been a much more positive experience for me the second time around. There is a more diverse student body. Multicultural programs have focused more attention on special concerns of various minorities. I discovered the Black Student Association, and I no longer feel like a stranger here. It probably helps that I'm not as shy as I used to be, I found the right major, and I now know what I want.

But there is still the tendency for people who mean well to tell me who to date. I have a simple philosophy on dating, and it comes from the scriptures. 1 Thessalonians 5:26, "Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss." There is still the tendency for people who don't know me to say, "Hi, what nationality are you?" But all I want them to know is that my name is Trisha E. Wallace. I'm so much like a regular Mormon and yet so different.

Please, before you ask me what nationality I am, ask yourself if it is important to know that. Will it make any difference in how you treat me?

I wrote my name in big letters when I was eighteen because I wanted to be noticed. I didn't want to get lost in the shuffle. But I see now that being black, I'll always be noticed. I'll probably never get lost in the shuffle.

Yes, I am black. But I am also a person, and I want to be known for who I am, not merely for what I am. This is who I am. Now you know me, let's be friends. **SR**

**PELIGRO**

*Experience taught me that most people just wanted to know whether I was from (a) South America or (b) the Polynesian Islands. The answer, of course, is (c) none of the above.*

## Mormon Clichés

by David Jennings

### Conducting Meetings

1. We'd like to welcome you all out
2. ...this beautiful Sabbath morning
3. Let us begin by singing
4. We'll now hear from
5. We'll now be favored by a special musical number
6. We'll now turn the time over to
7. We'd like to encourage
8. We'd like to thank all those who have participated
9. Brothers and Sisters, the time is now yours
10. We'd like to acknowledge the presence on the stand...
11. We'd like to thank the Aaronic Priesthood for the reverent manner
12. We'll now dismiss for classes
13. We'll now proceed to that point on our program
14. Brothers and Sisters, the time is short
15. By way of announcement
16. By way of invitation
17. All those who can extend a vote of thanks
18. I'd like to call your attention to

### Lessons and Talks

1. ...here upon the Earth
2. In our daily lives
3. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt
4. Mantle of authority
5. I want you to know that I know
6. Temple marriage
7. Celestial marriage
8. Eternal marriage
9. Eternal family
10. Forever family
11. Morally clean
12. I would indeed be ungrateful this day if I didn't stand
13. I'd like to stand
14. If I've ever done anything to offend anybody...
15. The spirit came into the room
16. The spirit was so thick you could cut it with a knife
17. It's been a long time since I've borne my testimony
18. When the bishop called last week and asked me to give a talk
19. It was a real testimony to me that
20. We committed him to baptism
21. Sign of the times
22. Last days

### 23. Millenium

24. ...both temporally and spiritually
25. ...each and every one of you.

### Prayers

1. that no harm or accident
2. to nourish and strengthen our bodies
3. Bless those who couldn't be here this time...
4. We are indeed grateful this day
5. That we might... that we might... that we might
6. This day
7. At this time
8. In all that we do and say
9. Help us to keep the Sabbath day holy
10. We ask thy blessings upon the refreshments that they might
11. These blessings and favors... and all others that we stand in need of
12. In our daily lives
13. Here upon the earth

### Every Day

1. Special spirit
2. He has a morality problem
3. He has a word-of-wisdom problem
4. He has a testimony prob-

### lem

5. He's "inactive"
6. Non-member
7. Anti-mormon
8. Unworthy
9. Non-believer
10. Jack-mormon
11. Utah-mormon
12. Investigator
13. He was "called home"
14. He died to fulfill a "higher calling"
15. Happy valley
16. Converted
17. New-convert
18. Fetch!
19. Outer darkness
20. Mormon standard time
21. The last days
22. Signs of the times

### Things We Never Want to Hear Again

1. The touch of the Master's Hand (Poem)
2. Footprints in the Sand (Story)
3. In the Hollow of Thy Hand (Song)
4. Never Let His Light Grow Dim (Song)
5. A Thief In Church (poem about being noisy in meetings)
6. I'll Build You a Rainbow" (Song)
7. Aloooooha!

8. Story about the old man who waits all day for relatives to visit him on his birthday and then dies when no one comes. **SR**

## From the Horse's Mouth

Peculiar doctrines we've heard lately—

—After seeing a picture of Christ, a female investigator exclaimed, "Wow! If Christ came to earth today looking as good as that, women wouldn't let him ascend back to heaven."

—The different races on the earth come from the different races of God's wives.

—At a mission conference, the mission president's wife said, "If you always wear your garments you will be blessed. There was an LDS man riding in a 747 that crashed and burned, with no survivors. Even though the LDS man had his arms, legs, and head burned off, where his garments were, he remained unscathed."

Let's know what you hear from the horse's mouth. *SR* Horse's Mouth, PO Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602, or call Jennifer at 375-6531. **SR**



# FOCUS

## Adventures Under the Ream's Dome

by Anna Vana

I USED TO WONDER what lurked beneath the huge green dome that sits conspicuously on 200 West. I had been told that it was originally constructed from the dirt removed to build the BYU stadium. Rumors say that it once was an ice skating rink. Now, it is the infamous Ream's grocery store.

Its rippling exterior is apparently a great temptation to Provo's skate rats, since the giant sloping green walls are dotted with "Keep Off" signs. I entered Ream's for the first time. I did so slowly and cautiously, wary of what I would encounter. I had heard that Ream's was not the average grocery store.

At the door, I took a moment to scan the place and immediately realized that this was a historical landmark. Apparently, this was where the legendary Paul Bunyan had ended his career—and, here at Ream's, they were displaying his britches! All forty feet of them were hanging from some tastefully placed scaffolding on the ceiling. I was ecstatic; Paul Bunyan had been my childhood hero. However, close observation revealed that he was not the man I had imagined. His pants had no fly. How could I respect someone with an elasticized waistband?

I ventured further into the store. Not knowing exactly where to begin, I resorted to my conditioned tendencies and went to aisle one. There I found that Ream's was not just a grocery store; it was an "everything-you-could-possibly-need-to-outfit-your-family-out-on-the-range" store. I found fluorescent T-shirts, swimsuits with plastic sewn into the crotches, belt buckles I would use for relish trays, jeans of all sizes, and, best of all, cowboy boots. The boots ranged in style from traditional black, stacked heel range rovers to

dusty pink square dance specials.

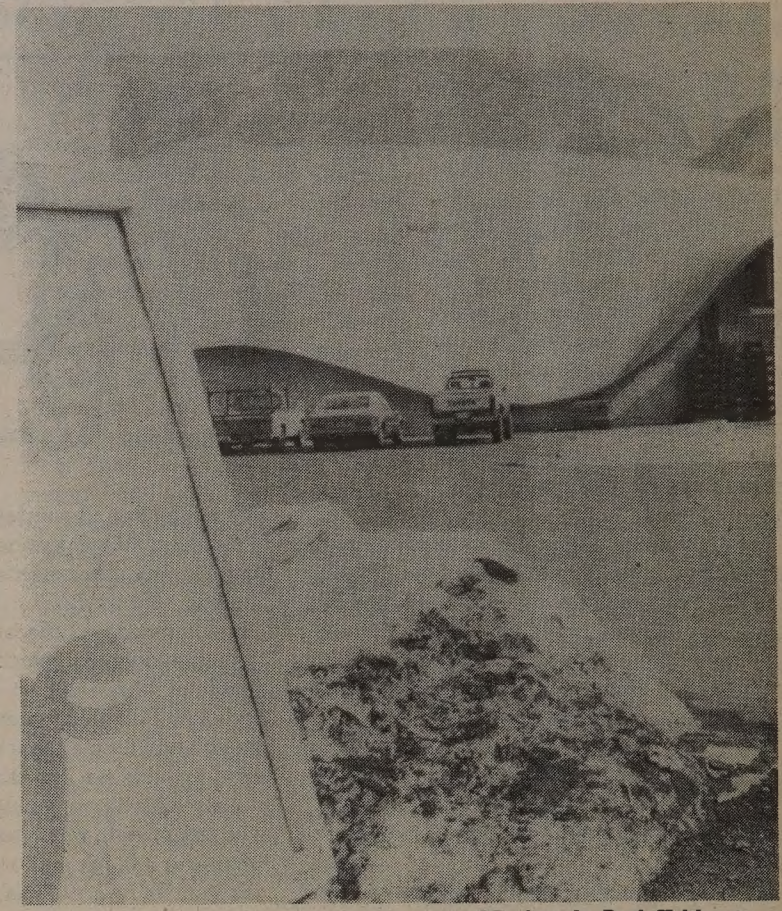
It all seemed so strange. Groceries mixed in with bad plaids and BVD's. There was seemingly no obvious link between this Western fashion-o-rama and, for example, the normal looking crates of bread nearby. The bread wasn't the hearty, fresh from the oven whole wheat bread that you might expect in the company of cowboy boots and flannel shirts. It was Wonder Bread, just like everywhere else across the country.

But Ream's is still a grocery store very different from those found everywhere else across the country. My usual grocery store sense was of little use to me here. There is usually some logic associated with the arrangement of goods. I was completely baffled by the Ream's set-up. I found perms with the frozen foods, household cleaners with the Crunch-n-Munch, the eggs in the art section, and sweats with the meats. Thoroughly confused, I paused to re-orient myself.

Unfortunately, I had stopped in a bad place. As I looked up, I saw meat hooks with slabs of bovine flesh hanging from them. Repulsive. Sure, I know where my hamburger comes from, but I don't like to be reminded of the transition stage from "Old Bessy" to "Big Mac."

When I had familiarized myself with the store, I searched for Ream's store manager. I finally found him in aisle 11, next to the Viva paper towels. He agreed to answer a few questions and offered me a seat on a nearby crate cart which I hesitantly accepted. Without much prompting, he told me that Ream's definitely had competitive prices, even with the 10% added on at the register.

It is standard Ream's policy to add 10% of your grocery total to the



SR photo by Derk Koldewyn

final bill. Grocery store suppliers guaranteed to give Ream's the lowest wholesale prices possible. Ream's marks the products on the shelves with the low wholesale prices they pay instead of the retail cost to the consumer.

But who cares how much Ream's paid? I want to know how much I have to pay! The manager smiled and told me it was just a "gimmick."

He casually explained that there are signs posted by the milk, produce, and bread. On my tour of the store, I had not seen one. I bolted to the milk refrigerator and looked up. I had to jump up and down a couple of times to read it, but there was a sign. A piece of pink posterboard read, "Ream's adds only 10% to all prices at the checkstand."

Though still annoyed, I was sat-

isfied that this was at least legal. I stopped the next customer I saw and asked her if she knew about the 10% addition. She seemed surprised that I had asked. She explained that she had been shopping at Ream's for years, and even with the 10%, she was saving. When I questioned her further, other loyal customers began to notice. They all looked at me as if I were a foreign shopper fresh off the boat.

Well, maybe I am. Provo is different in a lot of ways, but I thought I could at least count on the grocery stores to be consistent with the rest of the civilized world.

As I left, I saw two young skateboarders gazing longingly at those green ramp-like walls. SR

*This was where the legendary Paul Bunyan had ended his career—and, here at Ream's, they were displaying his britches!*

### Personal Focus

Where do you shop for groceries?

Smith's—40%  
Food 4 Less—38%  
Albertson's—17%  
Ream's—3%  
Alan's—2%

How many trips per months do you make to the grocery store?

Average= 3.1 trips  
Highest=8 trips      Lowest= 1 trip

What is your personal monthly food bill?

Average= \$102.82

Do you think you spend too much?

No—68%  
Yes—32%

SURVEY COMPILED BY FOCUS STAFF MEMBERS DURING THE WEEK OF 2-26-90. SIXTY RANDOMLY CHOSEN BYU STUDENTS WERE POLLED BY TELEPHONE.

## Samplers of the World, Unite and Take Over

by Joanna Brooks

A H, THE FINE art of sampling! A wise sampler, choosing the right grocery store (Albertson's) on the right days (Monday or Saturday), can eat enough for free to achieve his or her Recommended Daily Allowance of twelve or thirteen nutrients.

In times past, there was a certain shame associated with sampling. One would casually stroll by the Cheez Whiz on Chicken-in-a-Biskit cracker stand, attempting to be immersed in the nearby celery display until.....then whirl around, act surprised, blush, say "well, one wouldn't hurt," pristinely nibble on it, and discreetly dispose of the napkin in his pocket or her purse. Seconds? Out of the question unless you remembered to stow the floral scarf and sunglasses in your purse. The art was honed and refined over years at wedding receptions, where discreet sampling is de rigueur.

But samplers today are much more bold. The eighties brought virtual sampling perestroika. What was once a private shame is now a public duty. It is widely recognized that sample ladies get paid for each egg roll they pawn off on a customer. Why, you're practically

doing them a favor by going back for fourths! Strike up a conversation with her, compliment her on her purple snow boots and perhaps she'll let you take a few home in that handy Tupperware you brought.

The sampling instinct is founded on strange logic. The selectiveness associated with grocery shopping goes out the window when we sample. It may take ten minutes to decide between Cheerios and Cap'n Crunch. But, if a sample lady makes her pitch, we will snucker down anything handed to us: Krab (with a K) salad on fish-shaped crackers, port wine cheese rolls, strange meat-like balls simmering in crock pots crusted with dark bubbling sauces, items we would never choose to eat if they were not free.

Calories, of course, do not count in samples. It is a well known fact that slivering, slicing, breaking, and stabbing with toothpicks causes substantial calorie leakage. Shoppers wearing running tights and carrying sprouts in their baskets who cruise the cinnamon roll stand six times during a trip know this.

And while we attend to our normal shopping with a religious paranoia about the packaging of our foods,



# Provo Grocery Price Guide

by Wade Torp

**H**ERE IT is in black and white: the BYU student shopper's guide. Forget all of those so-called "low price" leader claims made by every store in the Provo area. If low price is your only concern, then the choice is obvious—Food 4 Less. However, if you don't want to shop in a building designed to hold the Goodyear Blimp and where (rumor has it) a family from Orem entered a few months ago and has not been heard from since, then re-evaluate your options.

If you like shopping in a building that looks like it came straight out of a Jetson's cartoon and where the world's largest pair of Lee jeans hang from the ceiling (does The Guinness Book of World Records know about this?), then you know where to shop. However, be warned—this establishment adds "only" another 10% of the grocery costs to the final bill. Ream's must figure that, as good LDS people, we're used to sacrificing that 10%. For some real fun, ask them why they add 10%. If nothing else, it will take your mind off the ceiling where cancerous-looking insulation hangs and the falling flakes are filling your lungs even as you speak.

It's a jungle out there for the average shopper. Do your homework, check the horoscope, peruse the ads in the local paper, read the tea leaves from your morning cup, and maybe sacrifice a chicken or two before you go out.

And after the whole ritual is finished, does it really matter? So you save a few bucks shopping one place over another; you will probably end up spending that money on something you really don't need, like late fees at the Testing Center. SR

## Samplers from page 4

examining the seams of our cereal boxes and the plastic shrink sealed, kryptonite-locked bottles of Tylenol we put in our carts, we will stuff anything that is sitting on a platter in the grocery store in our mouths. It does not matter that an entire legion of runny nosed preschoolers perused the chocolate chip cookies before we did. Perhaps the grizzle toothed man in the bedroom slippers lingered a little too long at the Sausage Snak tray. That is of no concern to us. These are samples! SR

== HEY! ==

Send in your person-  
als to P.O. Box 7092  
The way to get the  
message across.

ITEM	ALBERTSON'S	SMITH'S	REAM'S	FOOD 4 LESS					
			(+10%)		18. Cookies	\$2.69	\$2.75	\$2.52	\$2.55
1. Milk store brand 1 gal.	\$2.18	\$2.29	\$2.04	\$2.03	Oreo 1.25 lb.				
2. Eggs store brand 1 doz.	\$.91	\$.91	\$.88	\$.88	19. Ice cream	\$4.29	\$4.59	\$4.38	\$4.09
3. Cheese Cache Valley 1 lb.	\$3.43	\$3.53	\$3.56	\$3.39	Snelgrove's 1/2 gal.				
4. Lean ground beef 1 lb	\$1.88	\$1.88	\$1.75	\$1.75	20. Soda pop	\$1.77	\$1.89	\$1.75	\$1.77
5. Bread store brand 1 lb.	\$.54	\$.43	\$.36	\$.33	Coke 6—pack				
6. Margarine Blue Bonnet 1 lb.	\$.55	\$.49	\$.50	\$.49	21. Brownies	\$1.82	\$1.59	\$1.82	\$1.65
7. Peanut butter Skippy Creamy 28 oz.	\$3.84	\$3.53	\$3.29	\$3.53	Betty Crocker 21.5 oz.				
8. Vegetable oil Wesson 48 oz.	\$1.99	\$2.42	\$2.48	\$2.47	22. Laundry soap	\$7.89	\$7.99	\$7.69	\$6.97
9. Rice Minute Rice 28 oz.	\$2.49	\$2.09	\$2.19	\$2.19	Tide 136 oz.				
10. Frozen Veggies Green Giant 1 lb.	\$1.29	\$1.33	\$1.35	\$1.21	23. Dishwasher soap	\$2.79	\$3.29	\$3.14	\$2.89
11. Tortillas Mama Maria's 28 oz.	\$1.29	\$1.49	\$1.33	\$1.33	Cascade 65 oz.				
12. Pasta Am. Beauty 24 oz.	\$1.29	\$.99	\$1.32	\$.99	24. Toilet paper	\$2.33	\$2.09	\$2.25	\$2.05
13. Spaghetti Sauce Ragu 28 oz.	\$1.19	\$1.39	\$2.08	\$1.29	Scott 4 rolls				
14. Tomato Sauce Hunt's 8 oz.	\$.25	\$.29	\$.28	\$.23	25. Toothpaste	\$2.09	\$2.09	\$2.79	\$2.07
15. Ramen Top Ramen 3 oz.	\$.29	\$.29	\$.22	\$.28	Crest pump 6.4 oz.				
16. Macaroni & Cheese Kraft 7.25 oz.	\$.59	\$.57	\$.50	\$.33	26. Picante Sauce	\$1.73	\$1.65	\$1.75	\$1.80
17. Potato Chips Clover Club 1 lb.	\$2.51	\$1.88	\$1.08	\$1.19	Pace 16 oz.				
					27. Soy sauce	\$1.13	\$.79	\$.99	\$1.04
					Kikkoman 10 oz.				
					28. Bananas	\$.49	\$.37	\$.32	\$.32
					1 lb.				
					29. Head lettuce	\$.39	\$.33	\$.43	\$.33
					1 lb.				
					30. Yellow onion	\$.35	\$.15	\$.11	\$.19
					1 lb.				
					31. Bunch carrots	\$.29	\$.53	\$.22	\$.26
					1 lb.				
					32. Potatoes	\$2.49	\$1.99	\$1.64	\$1.79
					10 lb.				
					33. Corn flakes	\$1.69	\$1.69	\$2.15	\$1.65
					Kellogg's 18 oz.				
					TOTAL				
						\$60.72	\$59.56	\$59.16	\$55.33

Brad Eyre  
and Staff

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# CAMPUS LIFE

"Kinna" is cute up through about age two, but it also happens to be the name of a rhino in a Rhodesian wildlife reserve.

## Stop It

by LeKenneth Welch

YOUR ROOMMATE FROM Ogden is named LaWilliam. You read in a newspaper of a Lehi girl named Treasha Rae. You know what I'm talking about when I say Mormon parents are doing their children a great disservice by giving them decidedly weird names.

Girls' names seem to be the biggest area for parental creativity. You can spell Dave only so many ways, but there are plenty of ways to mess up Kristen, so I went through the entire BYU Student Directory, looking for "unusual" girls' names. What is an "unusual" name? It's admittedly a very sensitive matter. I decided not to include names that were obviously foreign (Xiang, Hella), or once-popular but now old-fashioned names (Zelda). My primary focus was on made-up names: spelling mutations of common names, hybrids (two names made into one), or purely awful names. I went through assorted "naming your baby" books and eliminated those names that appeared to be well-accepted or turned out to be of foreign origin. I used the 1985-1986 Student Directory, since at the time of my research it was the last directory to include students' home states.

My purpose here is not to mock those with unusual names. Rather, we should all join together to fight parental irresponsibility, to prevent the condemnation of a person to a second-class life just because her name is Tandra (Colorado). My observations: First, parents should not misspell a common name just to make it above-ordinary (spelling mutations). If you want to call your girl Gina, don't spell it "Gienah" (California). Alisyn (Utah) looks like an organic compound. Tamora (Virginia) looks more like a tropical fish. When a name is spelled in an unusual manner, chances are that phonetic rules will turn that name into something considerably different. For example, we all know what is meant by "Roxane" (Idaho), but dropping that second "n" in Roxanne turns the pronunciation into "Rox-ain" or even "rowe-xayne."

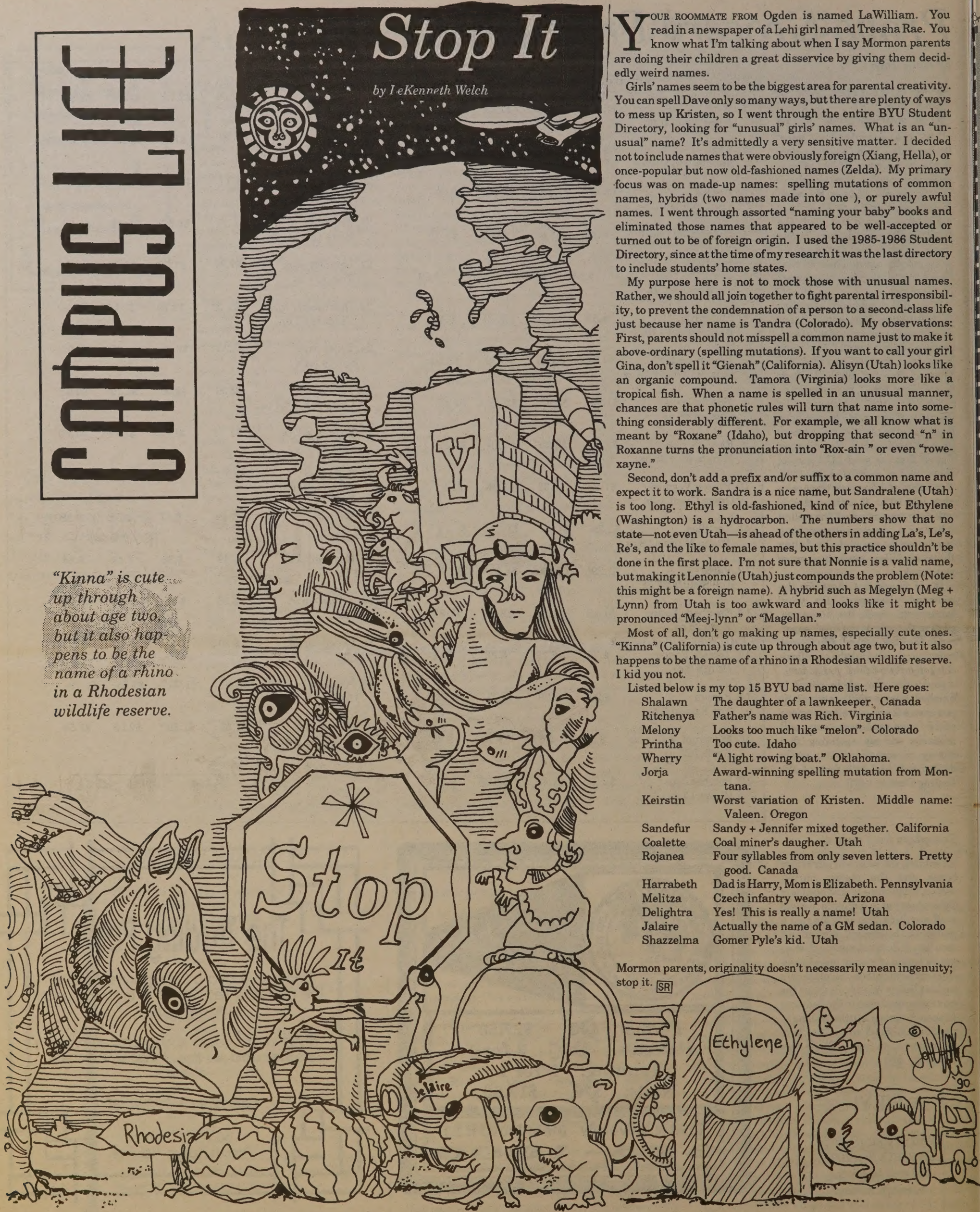
Second, don't add a prefix and/or suffix to a common name and expect it to work. Sandra is a nice name, but Sandralene (Utah) is too long. Ethyl is old-fashioned, kind of nice, but Ethylene (Washington) is a hydrocarbon. The numbers show that no state—not even Utah—is ahead of the others in adding La's, Le's, Re's, and the like to female names, but this practice shouldn't be done in the first place. I'm not sure that Nonnie is a valid name, but making it Lenonnie (Utah) just compounds the problem (Note: this might be a foreign name). A hybrid such as Megelyn (Meg + Lynn) from Utah is too awkward and looks like it might be pronounced "Meej-lynn" or "Magellan."

Most of all, don't go making up names, especially cute ones. "Kinna" (California) is cute up through about age two, but it also happens to be the name of a rhino in a Rhodesian wildlife reserve. I kid you not.

Listed below is my top 15 BYU bad name list. Here goes:

Shalawn	The daughter of a lawnkeeper. Canada
Ritchenya	Father's name was Rich. Virginia
Melony	Looks too much like "melon". Colorado
Printha	Too cute. Idaho
Wherry	"A light rowing boat." Oklahoma.
Jorja	Award-winning spelling mutation from Montana.
Keirstin	Worst variation of Kristen. Middle name: Valeen. Oregon
Sandefur	Sandy + Jennifer mixed together. California
Coalette	Coal miner's daughter. Utah
Rojanea	Four syllables from only seven letters. Pretty good. Canada
Harrabeth	Dad is Harry, Mom is Elizabeth. Pennsylvania
Melitza	Czech infantry weapon. Arizona
Delightra	Yes! This is really a name! Utah
Jalaire	Actually the name of a GM sedan. Colorado
Shazzelma	Gomer Pyle's kid. Utah

Mormon parents, originality doesn't necessarily mean ingenuity; stop it. **SR**



SR art by John Hamer



# Why I'm Not BYUSA President

by Todd Morrill

## TOP TWENTY

1. Rex E. Lee
2. Sunburns
3. Samuel Hall Society Band Jams
4. Leaving the testing center
5. Clean sheets
6. Charlton Heston
7. Loose change
8. Bare feet
9. Dinner invitations
10. Snow caves
11. Sleeping in
12. Late night Monopoly
13. Falling stars
14. Winking
15. Inner tubes
16. Q-tips
17. Candlelight
18. Deer
19. Winnie the Pooh
20. Volleyball

## BOTTOM 10:

Jerks who use courtesy phones for 10+ minutes, blue eye shadow, Aqua Net, Batman cereal, being dogged uncreatively, finger nail clip-pings, painted toenails, dull razors, losing phone numbers, cleaning checks

Please call 377-2980 with any suggestions you may have.

IT'S TAKEN ME a whole year to admit it, but yes, last year I applied for the position of BYUSA President. I didn't tell anyone—not even my roommates. It wasn't that I actually wanted to be President. I would have been content to run for the lowliest vice presidential position like we used to have in the good old days of ASBYU. Remember Academics Vice-President? Or even Athletics Vice-President?

Unfortunately, these offices were abolished, and I wasn't about to spend another year among the ranks of the peon volunteers who spend their days bowing and scraping to their superiors and consider it a great privilege. I had already answered phone calls and put up posters in blizzards as a freshman.

The sad fact is that the office of president is the only BYUSA office that is actually elected, that is, after the preliminary screening has taken place, and the student body is presented with six homogeneous candidates. All the other offices are appointed by the new czar—I mean president. So, knowing that I wanted to make a difference, and because of the harrowing depression I had gone through the past two years, I didn't have time to work my way up the BYUSA hierarchy (and would therefore never be appointed to anything). What were my other options? I decided to go for the top enchilada.

Let me tell you how the selection process worked. First I had to fill out a huge application, which asked, among other inane things, my vision of what the BYUSA "mission" was and how I would fulfill it if elected. I also had to submit an activity proposal, complete with detailed budget and operation plan. I thought mine was quite nice—a huge 60s bash on the south terrace of the ASB, with people dressed up like Jackie Kennedy, Andy Warhol, and Mick Jagger milling about in tie-dyed T-shirts, rocking to the Beatles. I don't think anyone was impressed.

Then I had to go to my interview. Shudder. At six o'clock in the morning I walked into the BYUSA conference room where I was confronted by twenty savants sitting

around a huge table, staring at me. Mark Crockett (BYUSA president at the time) politely took my coat, offered me a seat, and gave me a blueberry muffin. (I must say that Mark was extremely kind and level-headed throughout the whole ordeal.) Then the grilling began. "In your view," asked a matronly nursing professor, "what is the 'mission' of BYUSA?" There it was again, that nasty "mission" word.

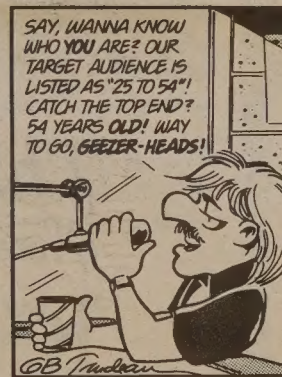
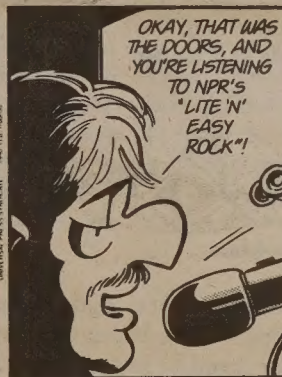
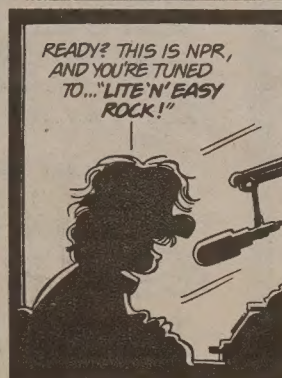
My humble answer: "Represent BYU students." Oohs, aahs. Apparently this interpretation had never occurred to anyone.

"What would you do," said a solemn student-at-large, "if the majority of students at BYU wanted to do away with BYUSA?"

I didn't even need to think about it. "I'd abolish it in a second," I said. That was my big mistake. Disgusted stares. Disgruntled faculty members. Piercing silence.

Someone else cleared his throat. "You mean you'd do away with it, just like that?" he asked. "Without fighting for it, without doing all you could to keep the BYUSA mission alive?"

"You've missed the point," I said. "The mission of BYUSA is to represent the wishes of the students. Representative government, remember? Civics class? If the students decide they no longer need this organization, the best way to serve them is to get rid of it." Wrong answer. Needless to say, my name was not put on the ballot. **SR**



## Counseling for the Unpreferred

by Frank Bowman

LEMAR WATCHED ENVIOUSLY as his friend Randy pointed to the recently used toilet bowl full of blue water. As roommates crowded around to admire the results of the dye-filled brownies Randy had received inviting him to Preference, LeMar stood back and brooded over the fact that after four years at BYU he remained "unpreferred."

With every Preference weekend, many BYU men feel the need to be "preffed." Some will not meet the fulfillment of this dream and may experience feelings of disappointment and jealousy. For most individuals these feelings pass quickly, but for others they lead to ever-deepening depression.

Dr. Sheldon Humphries, BYU psychologist, reports that during the weeks immediately preceding and following Preference, the local suicide hotline is swamped with calls from despondent young men without Preference dates. "It is not uncommon for us to receive 50 to 60 calls a night during Preference weekend." He also stated his belief that the well-known winter blues are merely manifestations of PRD, Preference Rejection Depression.

Humphries said that many men, especially juniors and seniors, are being forced to accept the fact that they may never be numbered among the preferred. "We try to help them see that popcorn doors, balloons with messages inside, and public embarrassment in American Heritage are not the true sources of happiness. They must base their lives on something other than blue urine if they want to find lasting joy."

One such student, John, a 25 year old engineering student, said, "It was very hard for me to realize that none of the thousands of single women on this campus wanted to be seen with me." John's friend added, "What hurts most is knowing that if I can't get a girl to ask me to Preference, there's no way I'll ever get one to marry me."

Humphries acknowledged that counseling is only a short-term solution. "I would plead with all the fine young daughters of Zion on our campus to help us alleviate this problem. Only they can end this trauma."

A PRD therapy group for unpreferred BYU men meets Wednesdays from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. in 436 SFLC.

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## On Women, Men, and the Superior Sex

OPINION

We maintain the imbalance of the status quo, as the "old-boy network" recruits what it always has: just boys.

TWO BOOKS SIT side by side on the shelf above my desk. While both are somewhat dated (each is more than 25 years old), they represent an intriguing polarity of perspective on the position of women in society—a division not yet resolved, even today. The first, *The Natural Superiority of Women*, creatively counters stereotypes of feminine biological and intellectual inferiority. The author posits data and anecdotes which credit women with greater resourcefulness and endurance than the male half of the species. His choice of a title, however, (yes, the author is a male) is more intended to shock the reader into attentiveness than to promote the supremacy of either sex: a notion akin to my own—bear with me briefly.

The second book, *Fascinating Womanhood*, I read for a good laugh. It advises women to admit to and play upon their natural weakness and inferiority. The opening premise of the book is that a woman's happiness and fulfillment depends entirely on her ability to arouse feeling in a man, for "if a man does not love with heart and soul, it is entirely the woman's fault." The author continues with advice on how to make a man "feel superior in his role as a leader"

and how to help him fulfill this manly role by "protecting and sheltering a woman who needs his manly care, or at least appears to need it." She (yes, this author is a woman) then proceeds to create an image of an ideal woman, "from the man's point of view."

This book is essentially a manual for female manipulation of men—hardly a means of developing any sense of equality or honesty in a male-female relationship. The first book I appreciate; the second, I mock.

Considering this precedent of female and male writers, I feel less inhibited speaking out on women's issues (I'm male). What is most intriguing about the stereotyped roles dealt with in these two books is that some people seem to have forgotten that they ever existed, and even more fail to recognize the debilitating remnants of these images that still exist among us.

It is important that we realize how far we have come in giving value to women for their contributions, and to acknowledge that sexist discrimination is not still the order of the day. But, in the meantime, we can't ignore where we've been and how far we have yet to go. Acknowledging that we have made some progress does not give us license to assume that we have ar-

rived, that sexism is passe, and that we don't have to worry about promoting equality anymore.

There is no need to go into details about how men and women differ, but rather acknowledge that we need to seriously reconsider when this difference really matters, and when it doesn't. As Ashley Montagu, the author of the first book I mentioned clearly points out, it's wrong for women to try to become like men, or vice-versa, and competition, either between individuals or between the sexes, has been the cause of most sexist problems. When evaluating our progress towards equality, there is no need to negate the natural differences between men and women. Rather, we should evaluate how well we have given equal recognition and

value to those unique characteristics, and allowed both sexes to explore freely in areas such as education and employment, where there are no relevant biological limitations.

First, we must give greater recognition to previously undervalued female characteristics, such as birthing and nurturing. This can be done in part by men making nurturing and sharing priorities of their own. Admittedly, valuing these priorities is inherently difficult in a society which judges worth by material productivity measured in money. Yet, if we consider our core social values, what is more productive than creating human beings that can in turn create oth-

please see *Reflections* on page 10



## The Pending Rape of Provo Canyon

by Ted Buehler

FEW PEOPLE WOULD argue against the existing road in Provo Canyon being in dire need of improvement. It is sixty years old and in the last fifteen years has seen only band-aid improvements. Because it lacks modern safety features, including guardrails and shoulders, it is capable of deftly dumping inattentive drivers

into the river. Not surprisingly, the road has a reputation as a deathtrap.

The Utah Department of Transportation (UDOT) has been trying to build an expressway in the canyon for over twenty years. Environmentally conscious valley residents have repeatedly shot down the proposal, rightly claiming that the road would be grossly oversized and would irreparably and unnecessarily destroy the canyon's environment and beauty.

UDOT's current proposal is no different. Plans include a four lane expressway, 100 feet wide, requiring the blasting and bulldozing of enough canyon earth to fill the Marriott Center 53 times. The road is expected to be sufficient until 2010, when further upgrading will again be considered. Construction will put bulldozers in the canyon for ten to fifteen years, so it is unlikely but conceivable that we will need to put up with fifteen years of construction for five years of use. During the construction period, we will have to regularly wait for flagmen and drive on gravel surfaces. The project will cost \$100,000,000, consuming half of Utah's federal highway monies, causing other highways to deteriorate while funding is tied up in Provo Canyon.

Although the existing road lacks safety features, accident records do not justify a complete reconstruction. Surprisingly, ac-

cording to UDOT's studies, the overall accident rate for Provo Canyon Road is only 28% above that of a typical two lane road. This percentage is not even statistically significant and far too low to justify its unsafe reputation. Provo Canyon has one of the best safety records of any canyon in the state. Minor, obvious improvements to the existing facility in peak accident areas combined with the pending ban on interstate trucks would likely create the safest canyon in the state.

Studies have not and will not be conducted on the safety of UDOT's new proposal. There is considerable doubt that it will be safer than the existing road. The majority of accidents on the current road are associated with trucks, speeding, sideswiping, winter weather, turning vehicles, and human error. An improvement in Spanish Fork Canyon bypassing the Thistle Slide, similar to the Provo Canyon proposal, has accident rates similar to those of the unimproved portions of the canyon. At the Orem junction, two miles of the Provo Canyon road was rebuilt in 1986, but this section is just as dangerous as the road it replaced. UDOT has not shown itself competent in designing safe roads, and in this instance, it doesn't claim to be.

Other UDOT rationale for building a four

please see *Canyon* on page 11



SR art by Heather Hoyle



# Psychopathology and the LDS Church

by Tim Tanner

IN THE FIRST issue of *Dialogue*, Mormon psychologist Victor Cline observed, "In a church that believes in 'speaking in tongues,' revelations, miraculous healings, and the like, one must face the very reasonable question of psychologists about the relationship between religious experience and psychopathology." To those psychologists who maintain Freud's concept of religion as the "universal obsessional neurosis," some practices of the LDS Church must appear characteristic of maladaptive behavior. After I heard a psychologist at a local clinic state that not only are many of her patients LDS, but are patients *because* they are LDS, I decided the issue needed to be explored.

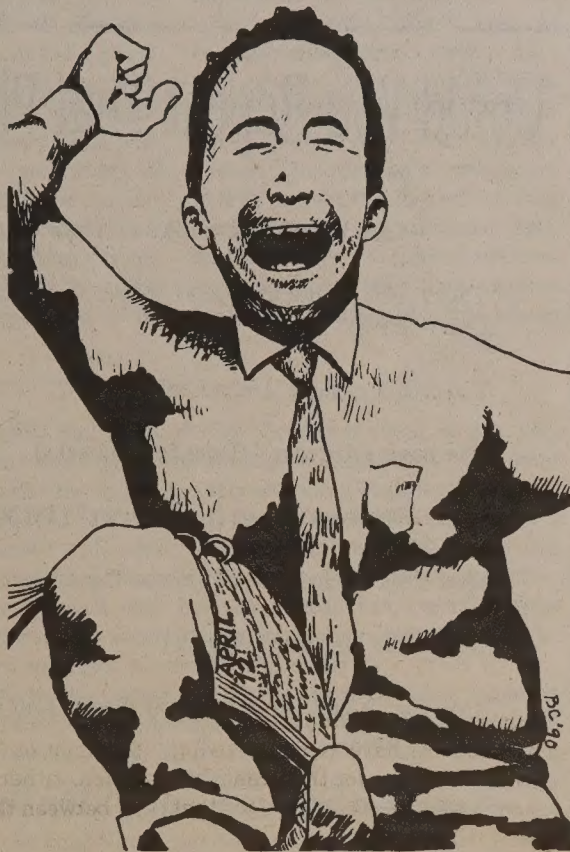
A faithful Mormon could be defined as a person who has embarked on the quest for perfection. Man's existence is viewed as a progression in which we are to eliminate all faults, following the scriptural injunction to "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Members are often reminded of this responsibility by their leaders. Unfortunately, many Mormons interpret this to mean "Be perfect, NOW!" and set themselves up for a myriad of psychological problems.

Could you describe yourself as conscientious, dutiful, industrious, orderly, meticulous, frugal, anxiously engaged in a good cause whenever your busy schedule permits, a person who always tries to suppress anger or sexuality? If this sounds like you or your home teacher, fear not—there are plenty of Mormons with an obsessive-

compulsive personality disorder. LDS psychiatrist Marlene Payne observes, "The Church actively fosters traits of industry and activity, the wise use of time, restraint of aggression and compulsive performance of duty. These are the hallmarks of the obsessive-compulsive personality." (Think a minute about the label "inactive member" and why it carries such negative connotations for us.)

We must keep in mind that these same personality characteristics promoted by the Church are conducive to achievement and a successful, productive life; studies have shown that many social problems such as sexual permissiveness, drug and alcohol abuse, and deviant or delinquent acts are less common among those who follow a Mormon lifestyle. However, the obsessive-compulsive personality often carries over into undesirable social behaviour with relationships and emotions being sacrificed to the individual need to

achieve. A person busies their life with responsibilities and activities, but perhaps does not truly live.



SR art by Bruce Crandall

Obsessives often receive positive reinforcement in the Church for their behaviour and can be called to fill time-consuming positions. In these positions of authority their compulsive attitudes are often transferred to others through direct counsel or through example.

Church members with an obses-

sive-compulsive mindset will always fall short of their personal expectations and compound their psychopathology with guilt. In his article, "Guilt: a Psychiatrist's Perspective," LDS psychiatrist Louis Moench explains, "They strive for perfection, becoming demoralized when not reaching it right now, and feel enormously guilty. A religion imposing rigid rules of conduct, and straight and narrow ways to approval from God, is bound to make guilt a major issue."

Guilt is productive and healthy when it motivates a person to change. However, guilt does have psychopathological manifestations and can lead to stress, anxiety, and depression when not overcome through repentance.

Many Latter-day Saints let their lives be dominated and even ruined by shouldering a load of guilt disproportionate to their sins. An example would be a Mormon masturbator who walks through life completely ashamed of himself, while a person of another denomination or one who is non-religious may be led to believe that masturbation is a normal and acceptable behaviour.

This is not to say that guilt for sin is wrong, but rather that Mormons should learn to deal more effectively with their guilt, as seen in a rather interesting phenomenon: the work load at mental health clinics and hospitals located in predominantly Mormon populations increases by as much as 50 percent after every Church general conference.

Fear of punishment at the hands of leaders viewed as authoritarian can preclude confession, prolong-

ing guilt by eliminating its means of removal in the mind of the offender. This is understandable when one considers the shame and social stigma attached to excommunication from the LDS church. The Church's recent move away from a court system to a counseling system marks an awareness of the effectiveness of counseling over excommunication.

Depression is another psychopathology affecting many in the LDS community. This can be the result of guilt and anxiety caused by transgression, but is more often triggered by the failure to measure up to the expectations of the religion and culture. Mormon women

please see *Psychopathology* on page 11

## Freedom Through a Wall

by William Powley

AS AN LDS missionary in the German Democratic Republic I recognized freedom's inherent value as exhibited by the East German citizens when the Berlin Wall fell on 9 November 1989.

The remarkable change of events in East Germany was unpredictable as I entered the German Democratic Republic on 30 March 1989. At that time, the Berlin Wall was a concrete scarecrow—during the day East Berlin traffic was minimal and its citizens performed their daily activities peacefully. In Dresden, where I served, harmony on the streets was seldom disturbed.

When we asked citizens for street directions, their detailed answers exhibited open friendliness. On one occasion, an older lady traveled with me and my companion to insure our arrival at an appointment. For the most part they kept to themselves and seemed to be happy, but as we met hundreds of people and they heard we were Americans, they began to voice their political opinions. They blamed the government for the food shortages in grocery stores, the laws against voicing their opinions in public, and the travel restrictions.

I was not aware of the changes in Hungary last spring and summer until an investigator of the Church did not show up for his appointment. He sent a note saying that he was not going to return from Hungary, but would exit into Austria.

These events climaxed during the summer and early fall until the Berlin Wall was opened. On the morning of 10 November while most East Berliners were emptying through the Brandenburg Gate, my companion and I walked into the Dresden Mission Office unaware of the previous night's events.

I recorded the following in my journal: "The East Berlin missionaries called this morning from a telephone booth, asking us what to do since the

whole city was going chaotic. I was surprised to hear that people were just climbing over the Wall. The members here in Dresden are also excited and have been saying that it is long overdue. They can't believe it. Thousands of people are lined up at the police stations, tolerantly waiting for an exit visa."

We traveled to East Berlin on 15 November 1989 to meet the East Berlin missionaries. That day every East Berliner was elated to be able to leave the country and see West Berlin, some for the first time. That evening we had an appointment in an area where a concrete section of the Wall had been knocked out by a jackhammer. It now served as a checkpoint, and people were walking in and out of the divided city.

A month earlier on a street near the Wall where we parked our car, police guards carrying automatic machine guns were stationed at the Berlin Wall. Now, the street was full of young students, adults, teenagers, and children, clinging to their exit visas, peacefully and patiently waiting in line to go to West Berlin. Their exhibition of freedom was recognized in a quiet yet dignified anxiety as they stood in line. I was amazed, expecting the riotous crowd that had partied at the Brandenburg Gate on 9 November.

Furthermore, many were feeling freedom for the first time. Democracy hadn't meant much to me until our appointment with a man, living in an apartment adjacent to the Berlin Wall, who was interested in learning about the Church: "For 20 years I have looked out this window and have never been able to cross to the other side," he said, staring into West Berlin's bright lights. "Today, I purchased bananas."

My value of a banana had been 29 cents a pound, but his bananas, sitting in huge clumps on the kitchen table, were priceless. The fruit did

please see *Freedom* on page 11

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## Reflections from page 8

ers and perpetuate our very existence?

Second, we must promote access and equality in all other areas of social life which are not limited by biological differences in. There should be no other limitations. And yet there are. The precedent we have had of assumed female

inferiority (see *Fascinating Womanhood*) has left us with a legacy of imbalance and limited opportunity. Though we are no longer in the Wilkinson era at BYU—when women were openly advised that their first priority was to marry and support their husband's education, rather than their own—we still have relatively few female professors on campus.

Some balk at the notion of considering gender as a criteria in hiring policy. "Isn't it sexist to consciously look for women in the hiring process?" they ask. No, for a number of reasons. Without the conscious priority of balancing previous inequalities (i.e. affirmative action), then we tend to only look for what we already have. We maintain the imbalance of the status quo, as the "old-boy network" recruits what it always has: just boys.

We also need women as role models, arguably even more so than we need male role models. The other half of the student body (48% of BYU students are female) needs a variety of accessible examples who they can look to. This is especially needed when the complexities of cultural priorities such as marriage and family are considered.

Some criticize selective hiring on the basis of class, race, or gender by claiming that it demeans those hired as "token representatives." On the contrary, when usually implemented this policy does not hire someone because they are a woman, but because they are qualified *and a woman*. This adds needed diversity to the predominantly white male landscape, and, recognizing their unique position, such "tokens" are often likely to outperform others because they realize how much the future rests upon their success. Quality is hardly compromised and is usually improved by the "token" addition.

Our efforts to increase the opportunity for women will benefit us as a whole as we finally allow for serious opportunities to share with and understand each other. Not only will we recognize more of the positive attributes of being male or female, but we may come to place a greater value on the humanity we all share. We will sell ourselves short if we assume that we have already arrived. **[SR]**

—m.e.Oates

## Could You Repeat That Please?

Last Words We'd Like To Hear Again

"Father, it is no use to depend on me. I am going to die."  
(Crazy Horse)

"I'm shot, I'm shot!" (John Lennon)

"I've never felt better." (Douglas Fairbanks)

"Let me not seem to have lived in vain." (Tycho Brahe)

"God bless. . . God damn!" (James Thurber)

"My watch!" (Richard Wagner)

"Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something."  
(Pancho Villa)

"I am roasted; turn me over and eat!" (Saint Lawrence)

"He doesn't know who I am." (Heinrich Himmler)

"I'd rather be skiing than doing this." (Stan Laurel)

"Moose. Indians." (Henry David Thoreau)

"How were the receipts today in Madison Square Garden?"  
(P. T. Barnum)

Compiled by Edwin Gaskin and Chris Yates

## Housing Questionnaire

Do you enjoy paying outrageous utility bills?

Do you enjoy traveling across Provo to get to class?

Do you enjoy living in Utah's 80-plus summer weather?

Do you enjoy it when your plumbing, furniture, and TV all need to be fixed?

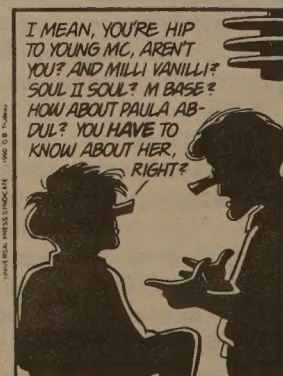
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## Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU





## Canyon from page 8

lane road include traffic flow improvement and capacity increase. Today's traffic flow problems are primarily caused by intermittent recreational traffic and are accentuated by the rough roadway, tight curves and narrow shoulders. A modern road of a similar design to the existing one would reduce traffic flow problems for all but peak recreational periods.

Since the existing two lane road has proven inadequate, UDOT claims that any two lane road will be inadequate. They have also taken the erroneous position that any four lane road will be safer than any two lane road. For instance, in 1987 UDOT gutted sections of the lower canyon for the construction of a four lane highway with only a double yellow line sepa-

rating opposing traffic lanes. This road, while increasing capacity, would have been far more dangerous than the existing road. Fortunately, a lawsuit halted construction and forced UDOT to redesign.

The Provo Canyon Parkway Commission was to assist in designing an environmentally sound road, but their advice has been completely disregarded. An Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) has been prepared, but nobody, including UDOT officials, claim the issues have been properly addressed. The EIS is grossly inadequate, inaccurate and vague on a number of critical points, particularly about the total width of the road, size of cuts in the canyon walls, impact on Provo River, calculations on traffic projections, and effect on Utah Valley's traffic and air quality. Regardless of the

EIS's gaping deficiencies, UDOT plans to begin construction this spring. The bulldozers will slowly work their way to Heber City, arriving there sometime after the year 2000. When they are finished, UDOT will have killed the ecosystems in the canyon bottoms, destroyed much of the canyon's beauty, increased truck traffic in Provo by a factor of three, and built a road that will move more people faster, but not more safely.

Unfortunately, UDOT has not considered building a modern version of the existing road, with longer passing lanes, paved shoulders, guardrails, and gentler curves. The price tag of such a road is only one-fourth that of the four lane proposal. It would have negligible effects on the canyon environment, and take only three years to build. While it would not handle as

much traffic as effectively, it would be a vast improvement over the existing road and would liberate canyon traffic from ten years of road construction. We could be driving on a new, safe road in Provo Canyon by 1995.

UDOT continues to disregard input from valley residents, canyon users, and the Federal Department of Transportation by design-

ing a road that is grossly oversized and will irreparably and unnecessarily damage the canyon's environment and beauty. UDOT should reconsider. They have not shown that their road is necessary or safe. We should protest the pending rape of our canyon. [SR]

This is Ted's first contribution to the Review.

## Freedom from page 9

not only mean something better to eat, but for him it symbolized freedom of travel—he could go to West Berlin and buy bananas.

The entire time I was in East Germany I ate one banana. A banana was priced at four German marks (about \$1.50 each). There had been a hundred foot line behind us when we walked out of the store.

As we drove through East Berlin to the missionaries' apartment, I noticed thousands of people returning from West Berlin carrying bags of western merchandise they had seen for the first time—M&M's, Reeboks, shampoo, whole milk, oranges, Swiss chocolate, and apple juice. Some returned empty handed but with smiles on their faces, laughing and dancing with each other.

The following day, when we drove from East

Berlin, hundreds of East Germans stood in line once again waiting to exit through a checkpoint. We exited the Berlin city limits as thousands of Trabants and Wartburgs from Dresden and Karl-Marx-Stadt in a bumper to bumper traffic jam, two lanes wide and thirty-five kilometers long, headed towards the Berlin Wall. Many cars were packed with boisterous students, swinging their arms out the windows and bouncing to rock music. Other cars were full of parents and children.

As we continued to travel towards Dresden, I saw, for the first time, hitchhikers. A group of fifteen-year-old boys were hitchhiking on the side of the highway, holding a sign that read, "BERLIN?" They carried large knapsacks on their backs, and jubilantly jumped up and down in the cold November air, hoping to be picked up by a truck driver or someone traveling alone in their Trabant.

Each of them waved an exit visa at the passing cars, telling the world to listen: This is what freedom feels like. [SR]

## Psychopathology from page 9

are especially prone to depression as pressures are placed on them by the unrealistic expectation that they be perfect mothers and homemakers. However remarkable an LDS woman may be, she will inevitably fall short of the ideal conceptualization. Consequently, LDS women have a higher incidence of low self-esteem than non-LDS women.

Ida Smith of the BYU Alumni Association suggests another probable cause of depression in LDS women: "Women are raised—Mormon women particularly—to believe they will not really be validated as human beings until they have become wives and mothers: that by themselves alone, they are incomplete." This attitude is prejudicial to the more than 30 percent of Mormon women who are single, divorced, or widowed. Smith also points out

that attempts to express individuality are often restrained among women in the LDS community because they don't want to appear as attempting to supplant a husband's Priesthood authority in the family. Silence and suppression then lead to frustration and depression.

If church leaders involved in clerical counseling (e.g. Bishops, Stake and Mission Presidents) were more familiar with the common psychopathologies associated with Church membership, steps could be taken toward improving the situation through talks from the pulpit, lessons in the classrooms, and individual counseling. The members of the church need to be educated in this respect if changes are to be made in their lives to remove attitudes and perceptions that lead to unhealthy obsessive behavior, guilt, or depression, whether in themselves or others. [SR]



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DAVID  
The Christian Science Monitor  
Los Angeles Times Syndicate



## The Beggar

by Dark Koldwyn

THE DREAM BEGINS, typically, with the sun peeking its head over the tops of the eastern mountains, their shadows decreasing as they reach the lofty mansions of the East Bench. The warm glow shines on the inner city—Salt Palace, Lion House, Eagle Gate, Beehive House, the gray granite temple.

Everywhere people are rushing to work—everyone but the man on the corner by the Hotel Utah. He is dressed in rags, holding a sign that has faded beyond reading, but which once said, "I'm hungry. Please help."

His fading, tired eyes scan the crowd for one benefactor in the press of lawyers and businessmen. The sun glances a brilliant beam off a golden statue of peace and goodwill into the beggar's eye. He stares up at Moroni, and the light causes a tear to drop down his cheek. He begins his slow trudge up and down Main, holding out his battered felt hat.

He mutters poetry as he walks, a refrain from Dylan Thomas:

*Though wise men at their end  
know dark is right,*

*Because their words had forked  
no lightning the*

*Do not go gentle into that good  
night.*

*Good men, the last wave by,  
crying how bright*

*Their frail deeds might have  
danced in a green bay,*

*Rage, rage against the dying of  
the light.*

His recitation goes unnoticed, though, and he trudges along to the corner of Main and North Temple, where he departs from his normal course. He stands in the throng of people waiting to cross Main, his beard bobbing as he mutters, "Do not go gentle into that good night...." Something must touch his memory because he smiles a broad grin that shows what is left of his teeth.

The electronic cuckoos start at the crossing, and those that are not yet blind cross anyway. The beggar walks in their midst, humming to himself as those in a hurry bump his shoulders without so much as an "excuse me."

He smiles as he sees a young couple and their entourage walking toward him, wedding clothing tucked neatly away in small suitcases. The young man and his bride are beaming, not at the world but at each other. The beggar smiles wanly at them, and another tear escapes his eye. The couple and their families pass the man, almost oblivious to him—all but the bride's youngest sister, just turned eight, who pulls a quarter out of the plastic purse she carries, places it carefully in the beggar's

upturned hat and hurries back to her family.

"God bless you," the beggar whispers unsteadily as he watches her blond pigtails bounce across the street.

He reaches the corner and turns left, walking along the curb, passing a young punker who is apparently about to spraypaint and epithet on the temple wall that the Brethren can read from their offices.

"Wouldn't do that if I were you, son," he advises, pointing out a policeman across the way whom the boy hadn't seen in his excitement. The beggar continues on, whispering his refrain now:

*Wild men who caught and sang*

*the sun in flight,  
And learned, too late, they  
grieved it on its way,*

*Do not go gentle into that good  
night.*

He stops, halfway down the block almost, and turns with his back to the street, his head thrown back, and contemplates the east face of the temple, its gold inscription, and Moroni, still there, his

Please see *Beggar* page 14



SR art by Nathan Ogilvie

## Prayer at Teotihuacan

by Paco Guajardo

I sit upon the steps  
of a forgotten tombstone  
leading to the sun  
wondering...

Where are its builders?  
Its noble warriors?  
Where have they gone?  
Is this ruined legacy they've left behind  
a warning  
of what we might become?

Yesterday  
our fathers ran up these steps  
to offer their god  
a bleeding,  
palpitating,  
heart.

But,  
He remained silent.  
Ignored their cry.  
And now,  
they are gone,  
conquered by those who came later  
wielding a sword  
and  
a cross.

Today the call of war is heard  
raging  
in southern lands.  
*Libertad!*  
*Democracia!*  
*Equidad!*

I too  
like those of old,  
offer a heart.  
But it's my heart,  
God.  
Pleading for peace.  
That no more blood  
will ever stain these steps.  
And your children become one.

Will you listen this time?

I sit upon the steps  
of a forgotten tombstone  
leading to the sun  
In the once mighty city of the gods,  
Teotihuacan.



## Insomnia

by Suzanne Buck

Roses in the moonlight are strange-looking things, softer in the odd light to both the eye and touch, with muted thorns and petals the unmistakable color of clotted blood. They have been on her dresser three weeks, and the buds have blossomed out and turned into strange wide-eyed things with irises that leave yellow powder on your fingers when you touch them. Some of the petals have fallen into the water or behind the dresser. She is having a hard time getting rid of them—the minute they came to the door, in the arms of a pimply flower boy, she knew she did not want them—but something keeps her from remembering to throw them out.

Early that evening she had sat barefoot on the concrete steps, drinking warm cider laced with cinnamon and watching the valley. The clouds were high and separate, blocking out the stars so that every valley light stood out too clear against the dark. It had kept her there a long time, with the wind blowing strands of hair across her face and the still-warm teacup cradled in her hands. The moon rose and became a grey watercolor splotch behind the clouds.

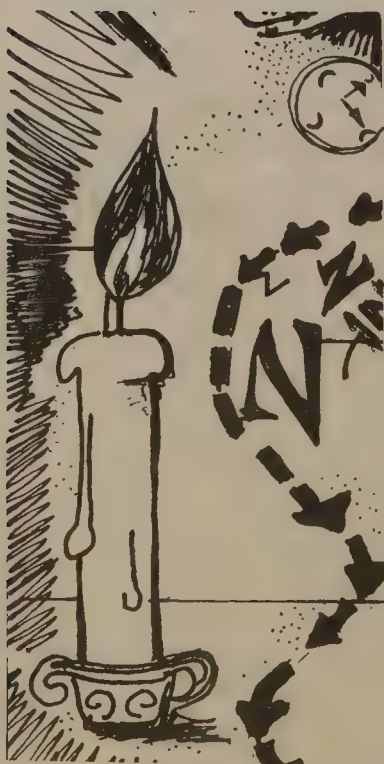
Close your eyes, she says, and let your mind shape a candle flame until the image is perfect,

and let all other thought empty from your mind. But pieces of thought keep going off in her like shards of a broken mosaic—snatches of a Peter, Paul and Mary tune, the tint of bubbles on a fall afternoon, a table in a white room, the rush and falter of the air conditioning, the song of blood in her ears. She opens her eyes and stares at the ceiling.

Her eyes have traced the half-puttied crack in the ceiling so many times that if she closes her eyes again, she can see the crack running upside down across the back of her brain. It has become something like a mental tic. Someday, she thinks wryly, that crack will probably open and I will fall in.

She wrestles with it for an hour, the need to sleep grinding against her determination not to dream. She is sick of waking abruptly at some ungodly hour and fumbling in the dark for her spiral notebook, with the dream like a wall of light leaving a faded tracing on her brain. She writes to purge the fear of losing it later. Mostly, though, it is a means of retreating from the one kind of dream, the one that leaves a void in her mind. It is something akin to the feeling she had when Peter kissed her. She had always thought she would know what to do; and how it would happen, but instead there was only a hard dead feeling warning her to get away, as he pushed her up against the wall.

The sharp-sweet taste of cider is on her tongue, hours later, mixed with something tangy-bitter—not the cinnamon so much as the smell of the roses. She feels the same twisted sense of hunger as she lies awake in bed, the dampness of her body clinging to the sheets, condensing in a circlet around her head and in the hollows of each palm.



SR art by Guenevere Nelson



# The Mighty Lemon Drops

by Matt Taylor

*Pre-show: I spoke with Keith Rowley, drummer for The Mighty Lemon Drops, on the phone before their St. Paul show, about a week before their recent Salt Lake City performance.*

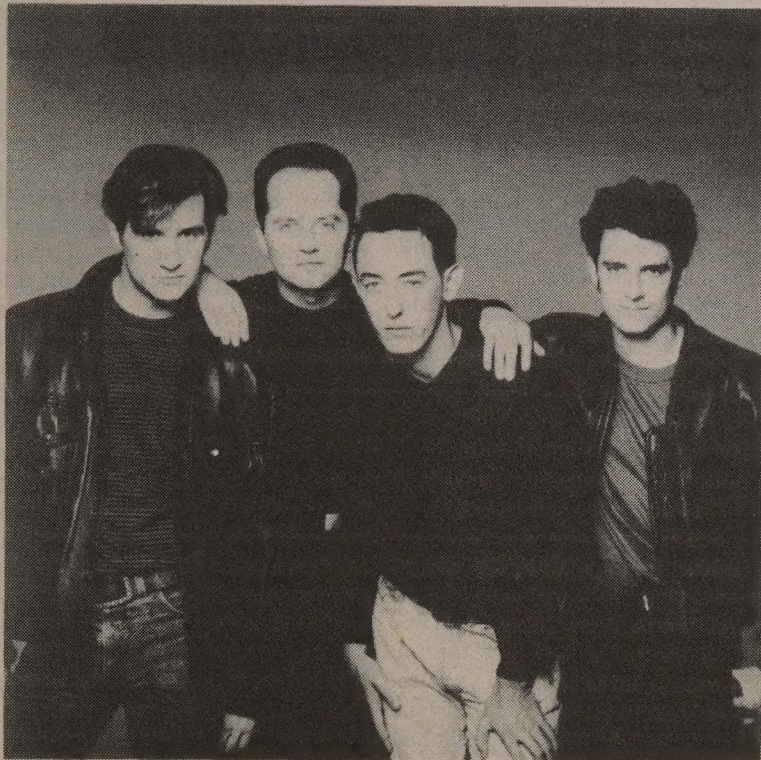
*Could you give me a little background information on the band?*

It all started really with David and Paul—that's our guitarist and our singer. [They] went to school together in Wolverhampton, which is in the midlands of England. They met me and our original bass player, Tony, by going to the same clubs—clubs where bands played. We were at clubs watching bands, and we decided to form our own. We played a few local gigs and then went on to other places.

We signed with Chrysalis Record Company in Britain and Warner/Reprise in America. Things just went from there, with our first album, *Happy Head*, and on to various tours and whatever. Everything's been a gradual sort of thing. There was no original "master plan."

*Where did you get your name?*

Well, it's from the bass player Tony actually. We never could work out just how his mind worked. We don't know where it came from. I've been asked that question so often over the last few years, that I really should have a



clever story made up. But I'm afraid I haven't.

*The new album is called *Laughter*. The new single has been getting a lot of airplay. How is the album doing?*

The first single is "Into the Heart." The latest one off the album is "Where Do We Go From Heaven," which is my favorite track. The album is doing really well, particularly since we started touring.

*How many shows are you doing in the states?*

Originally we were going to do about seventy, but now it looks like about ninety. We finish in May.

*America's treated you pretty well?*

Definitely. We all couldn't wait to get back here.

*You're not homesick or anything?*

Not yet. Actually it's kind of like being back home.

*And the review of their Salt Lake City show: The Mighty Lemon Drops with The Ocean Blue and John Wesley Harding at the Palladium.*

An anonymous friend of mine has given up on the *Lemon Drops*. He says they're too "poppish." But he wouldn't have thought so had he seen their show at the Palladium. The only things "popping" at their gig were my eardrums. The *Lemon*

*Drops* delivered a tight, straightforward set of favorites from all three of their albums, treating their local fans to a blend of old and new. Playing live gave them the chance to accelerate the pace of their tunes, giving them new life and new interpretation. New bassist, Marcus Williams, seems to fit in perfectly with the band, rounding out their live sound and adding his own personality to the show, mugging for the camera. And who could complain about a rocked up version of "Paint It Black" for an

Please see *Mighty* next page

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# A is A? Is...

by John Beynon

It isn't a new edition of a primer, and it won't tell you much about the alphabet, but it has everything to do with language. Last month's *A is A?*, a new BYU student-sponsored literary journal, promised new fiction and poetry to the BYU community and elsewhere.

Scott Calhoun, an English undergraduate student at BYU, has been planning to publish a literary journal for the past year. In November of 1989, he resigned as Campus Life Editor of the *Student Review* when the story, "Rejuvenation," was rejected by the *Review* in its unedited form. The story appears in the January issue of *A is A?*. Calhoun is the journal's editor; Dan Harper and Karen Voss are staff members, and David Sume is the designer. Everyone is invited to contribute materials for publication.

Calhoun feels that both *Inscape* and the *Student Review* are admirable forums for student writing. But in order to appeal to a broad reading public, articles in these publications are subject to revision or rejection because of content. No articles appearing in *A is A?* are edited for these reasons. Calhoun emphasized that the magazine's staff is not out to offend anyone, but

all imaginative, well-written works will be published in their original forms, regardless of subject matter and use of language. According to Calhoun, the material published in *A is A?* should "delight and surprise the reader."

Another of Calhoun's goals is to ensure a relatively short journal with a variety of articles. *A is A?* does not exceed forty pages and can easily be read in one sitting.

The new journal will appear quarterly at a minimum charge to cover printing costs. In Utah Valley, *A is A?* is available at BYU Bookstore and Atticus Books in Orem. It is also for sale in Salt Lake City.

The upcoming issue of *A is A?* will include submissions by Francois Camoin of the University of Utah, John Pass, an award winning Canadian poet, and Derek



Gullino, a former BYU student who will soon be published in *The Quarterly*.

Anyone interested in submitting fiction or poetry to *A is A?* may send the material with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Scott Calhoun  
789 North 100 East  
Provo, Utah 84601

All submissions will be returned to the author. [SR]





# Spin o Rama

by Jeff Hadfield

## NEWS:

David Bowie has announced his plans for a world tour commencing this month. Called *Sound + Vision*, the tour will showcase Bowie's greatest hits. Rykodisc plans to release a disc called *ChangesBowie* this month to coincide with the tour. It'll contain everything the old *ChangesOneBowie* disc did, plus "Heroes," "Ashes to Ashes," "Fashion," "Let's Dance," "China Girl," "Modern Love," and "Blue Jean." It'll contain the new remix of "Fame"—and that remix will be out on CD5 this week.

March 20th will be a banner day for alternative rock fans: expect the *Depeche Mode's* new *Violator* and *Sinead O'Connor's* new *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*.

## SPINS:

**Luka Bloom: *Riverside*** (Reprise).

This record follows in the wake of the new folk music revival, but it doesn't deserve to be lumped together with the rest of the pack.

Bloom, an Irishman in New York, delivers a disc that is as electric and immediate as his legendary live performances. He keeps both audience and home listener

involved with his distinctive style. That style is both familiar and unique—he spellbinds, armed with passionate vocals and virtuoso acoustic guitar.

This is one of the few discs that has reached out and grabbed me on the first listen. If you like the new folk sounds, Edie Brickell and the New Bohemians, Tracy Chapman, or any of the others you'll love Luka Bloom.

**Recommended**—and it deserves to be heard.

**Everything But The Girl: *The Language Of Life*** (Atlantic).

This is the second U.S. compact disc release from the duo of Tracy Thorn and Ben Watt. Their first, *Idlewild*, was relaxed and emotionally involving—and I recommend it highly. The *Language Of Life* is also relaxed, but they've traded in part of their acoustic sound for a state-of-the-music jazz sound.

E.B.T.G. has always been a jazzy group, but on this disc the jazz shines stronger than ever. Produced by veteran jazz producer Tommy LiPuma and featuring expert musicians such as Omar Hakim, John Patitucci, Michael Brecker, and Kirk Whalum, this disc is perfect adult pop.

Like Sade and Black, E.B.T.G. has found a comfortable niche in

the new pop/jazz sound. *The Language Of Life* is enjoyable and immaculate. The new single is "Driving"—watch for it if you have VH-1.

**Highly Recommended**, especially if you're feeling romantic.

**They Might Be Giants: *Flood*** (Elektra).

This is TMBG's first release on a major label, but it's not their ticket to mainstream acceptance. And I don't think it's quite as good as their first two albums, *Lincoln* and their self-titled debut.

TMBG writes prolifically, and this 19-track disc reflects that shotgun approach. Not every track works, but there are enough fun tracks to redeem it. Listen for the campy choral introduction to the disc followed by the first single, "Birdhouse In Your Soul." That song is the only one about a night-light on the record.

Flood is fun to listen to, but the sound can wear thin. If TMBG wants to be seen as more than a novelty band, it will need to raise its level of songwriting. However, a song like the remake of "Istanbul (not Constantinople)" makes this disc rise above the mundane.

**Good**, but not recommended to anyone but TMBG fans.

*Beggar from page 12*

luster faded in an overshadowing cloud.

After a moment's hesitation, he runs forward, and in a superhuman effort, jumps high enough to get a hold on the top of the wall. He scrambles to the top and half-jumps, half-falls to the ground. The policeman across the street, unsure of his eyes at first, yells a few obscenities mingled with orders into his radio as he sprints out into the road and is almost flattened by a UTA bus.

The beggar trots out of an immaculate flowerbed, rose petals clinging to his shoes, and heads for the east stairs of the temple, where yet another young couple is standing. The young man reaches for the doorknob on the massive door, his mischievous smile imprinted on Kodachrome for life. He sees the bum approaching, as well as a good two dozen athletic-looking men in business suits (both conservative and white) who have appeared out of the annex, and panics. He's just back from his mission, has finally married his childhood sweetheart, and is mortally scared for the first time in his life. "What do I do?" he asks himself. The young woman by his side clings to his arm.

The beggar leaps up the steps

two at a time and comes to a breathless stop in front of the young man, who has decided to be compassionate in remembrance of an old beggar not unlike this one in London's West End. He looks deep into the old man's eyes and is startled by what he sees.

"Let me by, son," the old man whispers, just loud enough to make it a command.

The young man steps back, bewildered by the mix of emotions in his heart. The beggar reaches deep into the recesses of his tattered coat and pulls out a long, old-fashioned, golden door key. He fits it into the keyhole under the beehive-shaped doorknob, turns it, and strides forcefully into the temple. Above him the golden statue's exterior shatters, and another young man sounds a seven-note fanfare on his trumpet.

The dream explodes into a fury of light and sound, shrieks of despair and whispers of praise, and I hear repeated—burned into my brain—the refrain:

*Do not go gentle into that good night,*

*Old age should burn and rage at close of day;*

*Rage, rage against the dying of the light.* [SR]

*Mighty from page 13*

encore, with all the Drops wearing my favorite color—Black!

*New Kids on the Ocean Blue* were a favorite to screaming teenagers at the show. From Hersey, Pennsylvania, home of America's favorite chocolate bar, they shared bite size candies with the audience and an earful of rock 'n roll. Doesn't chocolate cause acne in pre-pubescent teens? Radio hits, "Drifting, Falling," and "Between Something and Nothing," with the Bunnymenish guitar strains, produced the biggest reaction from the crowd. But there were plenty of

high-pitched shrieks left over for the remainder of their songs. How old are these kids anyway? They aren't *Menudo* by any means, and I'm sure it's hard to be taken seriously when you're young and successful, but don't you have to graduate from high school before you can go on the road?

Opening the show with only an acoustic guitar, a cigarette tinged voice and an incredible sense of humor was John Wesley Harding. Harding played the likes of *Depeche Mode's* "Personal Jesus" and Madonna's "Like a Prayer" as

segues into his own works. He also shared startling bits of information with the crowd, such as: "Alan Osmond has eight [children] now. He's building a master race of Osmonds, like the Nazis." These things are good to know. Harding's guitar playing and singing evenly matched his jokes and most of the time, outshined them. A talented musician and entertainer.

They're coming to get you Barbara...Ian McCulloch, 9 March at the Palladium...Peter Murphy, 14 March at Kingsbury Hall [SR]

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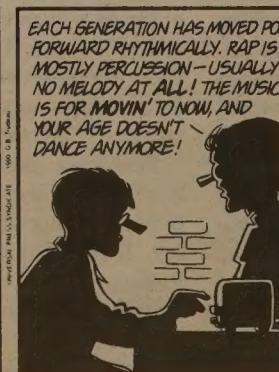
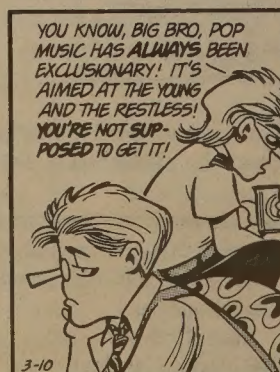
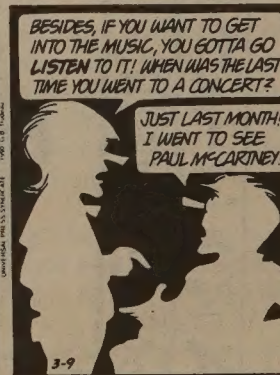
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## Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU





# John Wooden, the Legend

by Chris Hales

AS A FELLOW college basketball fanatic, I fully appreciate Shane Denny's editorial about Indiana University coach Bobby Knight. However, I think people need to know a little bit more about him before we start saying, "there is no other coach respected more by his peers and fellow coaches," and "there isn't a man alive who has had more of an influence on college basketball than Bobby Knight."

Let it be known that I think Coach Knight is one of the best active coaches in the country, along with Denny Crum of the University of Louisville and Dean Smith of the University of North Carolina. Knight has put together a fine program at Indiana, with his emphasis on discipline and academics. And yes, he has won national championships, without ever going on probation, and so have Crum and Smith.

Maybe it's true Knight wins without the star athletes so characteristic at UNC and Louisville. But that's because any player good enough to play anywhere he wants certainly doesn't want to put up with the verbal and emotional abuse Knight gives out.

It's true Knight is one of the best coaches for getting the most out of his players. Michael Jordan and James Worthy didn't need much help from Coach Smith to become the NBA stars they are, but Isaiah Thomas definitely needed Knight as his father-figure. Isaiah even admitted that without Knight's help he would have stayed on the streets of Chicago.

We need coaches like Knight who can help under-privileged

youths. But as for a model father or coach, his past record for Hoosier hysterics makes him a very poor choice.

Denny mentioned Knight's chair-throwing incident at an Indiana-Purdue game a couple of years ago, but he forgot a few other "dark Knights" in sports history: the ever-pending six month sentence for assaulting a Cuban police officer while leading team USA to victory at the 1979 Pan Am Games, taking his team off the floor after being thrown out of a 1988 pre-season game against the Russian national team. The pounding of a court-side press telephone during the 1988 NCAA Tournament, Knight's lockerroom reprimand of star guard Steve Alford, telling him he was so bad at directing his team on the floor at practice he, "couldn't even lead a whore into bed." And even worse yet, his crude comment to Connie Chung on her 1988 program *Stress Kills*, saying, "If rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

Many people have tried to dismiss Knight's remarks saying they were taken out of context, but they should have never been said by a "model" college basketball coach. Bobby Knight's antics and comments remind me of Billy Martin—good stats, lousy manners.

So, who do I think is the king of college basketball? None other than the Wizard of Westwood, now retired John Wooden of UCLA. Knight has won three NCAA Championships in ten years. Wooden won 10 championships in 12 years! The Wizard won eight titles in a row! Some critics say it was easier to win back then be-

cause of unlimited scholarships and a championship tournament that only included 16 teams. But basketball is an up-and-down game. It's tough to go out and win every night, and in the NCAA Tournament, that's what's necessary. One loss and you're out. Even the pros can lose a few games in each play-off series and still win the title—not so in the college ranks.

Critics say it was still easier for Wooden because he got the best players in the country. They say it's easy to win when you have Kareem Abdul Jabbar or Bill Walton on your team. But we all know that there are more than 15 outstanding eligible college freshmen in this country each year. Wooden proved he could coach any team by winning one of his championships without a player over 6' 7".

Coach Wooden, like Knight, stressed academic excellence along with athletic excellence. Each year, the nation's top basketball player receives the John Wooden Award. One of the requirements of the award is to be a good student in the classroom while being an outstanding student of the game. Wooden was a master at teaching players to be students of the game. When Jabbar (Lew Alcindor) was playing for Wooden it was illegal to dunk the ball. Wooden taught Alcindor how to develop his inside game sans slam. Many analysts believe Alcindor's skill inside is what made him so effective in the pros. (Jabbar is the NBA's all-time scoring leader.)

Coach Wooden also took the time to pass his coaching secrets down to his assistants. Many of these

assistants have since done well in their own right. Denny Crum has made Louisville into a national powerhouse. Gene Bartow has taken a once little-known University at Alabama-Birmingham team and made it into a perennial tournament team.

But Wooden did more than just teach his assistants and players the X's and O's of the game, he taught them how to be successful people in life. He developed a training program called the pyramid of success that outlines the keys to becoming a great player on the court and in society. The pyramid stresses keeping your body and morals in good condition. It is such a successful program, many businesses use it to motivate their employees. But I think coaches, players, and fans will agree John Wooden is most well-known and respected for the way he treats people. Bobby Knight may do a good job of winning games, but he uses a detestable method of motivation. Coach Wooden proved that you never need to intentionally offend players to win consistently. He just taught basic fundamentals and then used positive reinforcement. This method of coaching continues to work for Wooden's apprentices. Someone asked Denny Crum why he didn't yell at his players and he simply responded, "Coach Wooden never yelled at his players." This is what true legends are made of. [SR]

*Bobby Knight's antics and comments remind me of Billy Martin—good stats, lousy manners.*

—Chris Hales

Chris Hales, a senior in broadcasting, is married to basketball.

## SR Scoreboard

by Andrew Smith and Dave Carpenter

### SMITTY'S PICKS

I would like to personally thank Kansas and UNLV, the number one and two teams last week, for losing before the paper went to press. It helps my credibility immensely. In our dirt report, N.C. State, who was banned on the SR quality controlled Top Twenty way back in December, is now under fire for point-shaving. 4 former Wolfpack players, including current New Jersey Net Charles Shackleford, were named in two games played during the '87-'88 season. Coach Jim Valvano claims to have had no knowledge of the bribes, and though I dislike him, I do believe him. Jimmy Vee could lose his job over this. Also along that vein, Maryland is banned from this year's tournament, as well as next year's, and was levied a TV ban for the 90-91 season for 18 violations over the last three years. In contrast to N.C. State, these violations were committed by former coach Bob Wade. Atta go, Bob. Way to ruin it for the kids.

1. **Oklahoma (23-4)** — Became the first team ever to beat two #1 teams within a week, as the Sooners knocked off Kansas 100-78 in an easy victory. Then took out Oklahoma State 105-94.

2. **Kansas (28-3)** — Became the 45th consecutive victim in Oklahoma, 78-100, and then bounced back against Iowa State 95-63. Placed second in the Big-8.

3. **Syracuse (22-5)** — Slipped by Seton Hall on a buzzer tip-in by Derrick Coleman, and then beat Georgetown in OT, 89-87 lead by Coleman's 27.

4. **UNLV (26-5)** — Lost to U.C. Santa Barbara, 78-70, to snap a 10 game winning streak and slip down to a tie with New Mexico State in the Big West. Oh, by the way. Last week I said that UNLV had a 106-15 record in the Shark Tank in Las Vegas. I was wrong. Their record is actually 103-6.

5. **Missouri (26-4)** — Were embarrassed by Notre Dame, 98-67. The Irish, who are on the bubble at 15-11 as an independent, will try to use this and a shocker at Syracuse to lobby into the NCAA's. I don't think they should be allowed in, especially since Wright State, who are 21-6 as an independent, probably won't get in.

6. **La Salle (28-1)** — Ran their winning streak to 22 games with a win over Siena (We beat them, remember?) 106-90. Lionel Simmons moved into 3rd on the all-time scoring list.

7. **U. of Connecticut (25-5)** — After losing heavily to Georgetown, they came back and beat up on Boston College 95-74 to share first place in the Big East with Syracuse.

8. **Georgetown (22-5)** — Beat U. Conn., but then lost in OT to Syracuse, as John Tompson got hit with three technicals in getting thrown out. That outburst lead to a 10 point Orangeman swing. Good hustle, Johnny.

9. **Purdue (21-6)** — Lost to Michigan State, but salvaged second place in the Big Ten by beating Michigan 79-77 on a bucket by Jimmy Oliver with 2 seconds left.

10. **Michigan State (24-5)** — After beating Purdue, wrapped up the Big Ten title by outlasting the Golden Gophers of Minnesota 75-73.

11. **Arkansas (23-4)** — Beat Rice 104-80 to win the Southwest Conference.

12. **Duke (23-7)** — Lost twice, first to Clemson, then to surging North Carolina 87-75 to place second in the ACC behind Clemson.

13. **Michigan (20-7)** — Also a double loser, to Michigan State and then more recently to Purdue 77-79, despite 30 by Chris Mills.

14. **Louisville (23-7)** — Secured a 1st place finish in the Metro Conference by beating S. Miss. 73-71.

15. **Georgia Tech (21-6)** — Beat Clemson 85-69 to take 3rd in the ACC.

16. **Oregon State (22-5)** — Humiliated by Arizona, 87-60, to drop into a tie with Zola for the Pac-10 title.

17. **Clemson (23-6)** — Clinched the ACC title for the first time ever, despite a 69-85 loss to Georgia Tech.

18. **Arizona (21-6)** — Snuck up and tied Oregon State in the Pac-10 by shooing over them 87-60.

19. **Loyola Marymount (23-5)** — Suffered the tragic loss of All-American Hank Gathers, who collapsed and died during a WCC tournament game against Portland. Doctors tried to revive him for an hour and a half, to no avail. Gather had suffered fainting spells earlier in the season, resulting from an irregular heartbeat, and had been on medication, in decreasing dosages before Sunday's game. Gathers was the 11 all-time college scorer, sixth in the nation this year. The WCC cancelled the game and the tournament and offered the automatic bid to the Lions, who at press time were still undecided as to whether or not to continue to play b-ball this year.

20. **New Mexico State (25-3)** — Tied UNLV for the Big West title by beating Fresno State 82-68.

These powerhouses have already clinched an elusive NCAA bid by winning their sub-WAC conferences: Princeton (Ivy League), Coppin State (MEAC), Robert Morris (Northeast Conference), East Tennessee State (Southern Conference). Shudder, Georgetown, shudder.

### FINAL WAC STANDINGS

	Conference			Overall		
	W	L	Pct.	W	L	Pct.
Colorado State	11	4	.688	21	7	.750
BYU	11	5	.688	21	7	.750
Hawaii	10	6	.625	21	8	.724
UTEP	10	6	.625	18	10	.643
New Mexico	9	7	.563	17	11	.607
Utah	7	9	.438	15	13	.536
Wyoming	7	9	.438	15	13	.536
SDSU	4	12	.250	13	17	.433
Air Force Ac.	3	13	.188	10	19	.345
Miami	2	14	.125	12	47	.203
MTC All-stars	1	15	.063	44	15	.746
Charlotte	0	16	.000	10	45	.182

### WAC TOURNAMENT MATCH-UPS

Special Events Center, El Paso.  
1st Round- Wednesday March 7th  
SDSU vs. Air Force 7:30 our time.  
Quarterfinals Thursday March 8th  
Hawaii vs. Wyoming, 12:05 pm.  
BYU vs. Utah, 2:35 pm.  
New Mexico vs. UTEP, 7:05 pm  
Colorado State vs Round 1 Winner, 9:35 pm  
Semi-finals, Friday, March 9th  
BYU/Utah Winner vs. Hawaii/Wyoming winner 7:05 pm  
CSU/ Round 1 winner Winner vs. UTEP/ New Mexico winner. 9:35 pm.  
Championship Finals, Saturday, March 10th  
Semi-final winners 6:05 pm on ESPN.

### IF THE PLAY-OFFS STARTED TODAY...

Eastern Conference:				
	W	L	PCT.	GB
Detroit	44	15	.746	—
Chicago	37	20	.649	6
New York	37	20	.649	6
Philadelphia	36	22	.621	7.5
Boston	34	23	.596	9
Milwaukee	32	26	.552	11.5
Indiana	30	29	.508	14
Atlanta	28	30	.483	15.5

Western Conference:				
	W	L	PCT.	GB
L.A. Lakers	43	13	.768	—
Utah	41	16	.719	2.5
Portland	39	18	.684	4.5
San Antonio	38	19	.667	5.5
Phoenix	37	19	.661	6
Dallas	32	26	.552	12
Denver	31	26	.544	12.5
Seattle	29	28	.509	14.5

## Sports Notebook

Akeem T. Dream Olajuwon became the third player in NBA history to record a quadruple double, joining Alvin Robertson and Nate Thurmond in this very exclusive club. Sunday, Akeem (his friends call him Ak) slammed home 29 points, ripped down 18 rebounds, swatted 11 shots, and dished out 10 assists. (They had to watch the video to verify the 10th assist....) After the feat, Akeem commented, "Now that I know how it feels to get that many assists, I might dish it out more often."

Wondering what this stoopid lockout is really all about? Well, money of course, but here are the exact issues about which both the players and owners seem to be adamant:

- 1) Salary Arbitration: Players want return to 1985 2-yr. eligibility requirement, while owners want to keep it at 3 yrs.
  - 2) Pension and Benefits: Players want owners to kick in \$61 million per year, owners will only dig out \$44.86 million per annum.
  - 3) Minimum Salaries: Players want immediate increase to \$112,500, and owners want to put it at \$4.35 per hour--no, make that \$85,000 this year, and raise it to \$100,000 by 1993.
  - 4) Roster size: Players want another buddy on the team like they used to have in the 25 man roster days. Owners as long as they'll be paying the burns \$100,000 per year, want to keep it at 24 men on a team.
  - 5) Collusion Protection: This one is pretty complicated. Ask your pal the law student, or write your congressman.
- As one sportswriter has put it: "There is no joy in Mudville—everybody has struck out." Well, actually only the fans.



# the CALENDAR

## Theatre Guide

Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: \$9.00-27.00, \$5 student, 533-6407

Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494 or 533-5555 (for Ballet West)

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.50 & 8.50, 532-6000

The Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC, Tickets: \$17.00 Fri. & Sat., \$14.00 Tues.-Thurs., 363-0525  
Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00-7.00, 484-9257

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC, Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

The Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$6.00, other nights \$5.00, 581-6961

The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, Tickets: 649-9371  
Provo Towne Square Theatre, 100 N. 100 W., Provo, Tickets: \$3.00, 375-7300

## Wednesday, March 7

### Lecture:

Ethics Symposium: Ethics in Media—Jack Anderson, columnist, 11:00 a.m., Varsity Theatre, & Jack Adamson, Pre. of KSL, 1:00 p.m., Varsity Theatre  
Honors Market of Ideas:

"LDS Church in Eastern Europe: After the Revolution of 1989," Douglas F. Tobler, 321 MSRB, 7:00 p.m.

William S. Bradshaw leads panel discussion on animal rights, 321 MSRB, 8:45 p.m.

John Tanner Lectureship: presented by Dr. J. Keith Rigby, Tanner Memorial Auditorium, M.L. Bean Museum, 7:30 p.m.

### Theatre:

"H.M.S. Pinafore," Salt Lake Community College, Technology Building, 4600 S. Redwood Rd., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 at door

"Rough Roads Ahead," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT  
Lecture on "A Handful of Dust," 3:15 p.m.

"A Handful of Dust," 3:45 & 8:15 p.m.

"Vincent," 6:00 p.m.

### Music:

Wind Symphony, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444  
Lawrence Green, guitar, Ted Wight, flute, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Tuba Soloist Michael Sanders with the U of U Wind Symphony, performing Vaughan Williams, Wagner, Shostakovich, Assembly Hall, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

## Thursday, March 8

### Lecture:

Ethics Symposium: Dr. David Green leads a panel discussion on Ethics in Medicine, Memorial Lounge, ELWC, 11:00 a.m.  
Executive Lecture Series, "Careet Enhancement Strategies," Blake M. Roney, President and CEO, Nu Skin International, 710 TNRB, 2:00 & 4:00 p.m.

### Theatre:

"Mother Wove the Morning," Salt Lake Art Center, 7:30, Tickets: \$10.00-12.00, 467-5996, 565-0861

"Betrayal," U of U Lab Theatre, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961

"In a Room Somewhere," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"H.M.S. Pinafore," Salt Lake Community College, Technology Building, 4600 S. Redwood Rd., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 at door

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Rough Roads Ahead," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"Vincent," 3:15 & 7:45 p.m.

"A Handful of Dust," 5:30 p.m.

### Music:

Ricks College A'Capella Choir in concert with BYU Singers & Concert Choir, de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m., Free!  
Jazz combo, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

## Friday, March 9

### Lecture:

Ethics Symposium: Howard Ruff on Business Ethics, Varsity Theatre, 11:00 a.m.

### Theatre:

"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"In a Room Somewhere," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Betrayal," U of U Lab Theatre, SLC, 5:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961

"H.M.S. Pinafore," Salt Lake Community College, Technology Building, 4600 S. Redwood Rd., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 at door

"Mother Wove the Morning," Salt Lake Art Center, 7:30, Tickets: \$10.00-12.00, 467-5996, 565-0861

"The Curse of an Aching Heart," Provo Towne Square Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"A Salute to Irving Berlin," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"Rough Roads Ahead," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"A Handful of Dust," 3:15 & 7:45 p.m.

"Vincent," 5:30 p.m.

## FILM BOX:

### Varsity I:

378-3311, 4:30, 7:00, 9:30 p.m., \$1.00

March 6-8 "Camelot"

March 9-12 "Dream Team"

March 13-15 "Gross Anatomy"

### Varsity II:

7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

March 9-12 "Slipper and the Rose"

March 16-19 "Lean on Me"

Late Night Flicks:

March 9 "Foul Play"

March 16 "Crocodile Dundee"

Scera Theater:

745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560

"The Ten Commandments" & "The Little Mermaid," Tickets: \$5.00

Cinema in Your Face:

45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647

Blue Mouse Theater:

260 E. 100 S. SLC, 364-3471

Film Society, 321 ELWC, \$1.00

"The Bride of Frankenstein," 7:30, 10:00 & midnight

### Music:

"Three Passionate Women," BYU Opera, Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Utah Symphony, Kabalevsky, Weber, Prokofiev, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00 w/I.D., 533-6407

### Dance:

Faculty/Graduate student Dance Showcase, Info: 378-5068

### Miscellaneous:

1992 European Community Symposium: four sessions from 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., registration 8:00 - 8:30 a.m., 410 TNRB, \$25.00

### Sports:

BYU Tennis vs. Univ. of Nevada-Reno, 5:00 p.m.

Swimming, NCAA Regional Diving, all day

## Saturday, March 10

### Theatre:

"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"H.M.S. Pinafore," Salt Lake Community College, Technology Building, 4600 S. Redwood Rd., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 at door

"Mother Wove the Morning," Salt Lake Art Center, 7:30, Tickets: \$10.00-12.00, 467-5996, 565-0861

"The Curse of an Aching Heart," Provo Towne Square Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Betrayal," U of U Lab Theatre, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"In a Room Somewhere," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Rough Roads Ahead," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m.

"Rough Roads Ahead," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"Vincent," 3:00 & 7:30 p.m.

"A Handful of Dust," 5:15 & 9:45 p.m.

Film Society, 321 ELWC, \$1.00

"The Bride of Frankenstein," 7:30 & 10:00 p.m.

### Music:

"Three Passionate Women," BYU Opera, Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Piano Recital with Misha Dichter, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Utah Symphony, Kabalevsky, Weber, Prokofiev, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00 w/I.D., 533-6407

## Sports:

BYU Tennis vs. Boise State, 5:00 p.m.

BYU Gymnastics vs. Iowa State, 7:00 p.m.

Swimming, NCAA Regional Diving, all day

## Monday, March 12

### Theatre:

"The Curse of an Aching Heart," Provo Towne Square Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"A Salute to Irving Berlin," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

## Tuesday, March 13

### Devotional:

Barbara B. Winder, General Relief Society President, Marriott Center, 11:00 a.m.

### Theatre:

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

### Music:

"Three Passionate Women," BYU Opera, Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444  
Orpheus Winds, faculty wind ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Irish Night at Symphony Hall! Guest soloist Carmel Quinn performing Irish jigs, reels, and a few surprises, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

## Wednesday, March 14

### Theatre:

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

### Music:

"Three Passionate Women," BYU Opera, Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444  
Symphonic Band, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Studio Y Live, presented by the Recording Workshop, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 6:30 p.m., Free!

Student Recital: Adam Russell, Vocal, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 9:00 p.m.

## Thursday, March 15

### Theatre:

"The Ghostman," Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m.

"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

## Editor's Choices

It's a great week at the movies! Don't miss either of International Cinema's films, "A Handful of Dust" and "Vincent" (film reviews on the wall next to 250 SWKT). Also, from March 9 - 12 the Varsity is playing that time-honored romantic classic, "The Slipper and the Rose."

March 5-9 is BYUSA's Ethics Symposium; see days for topics and times. Don't miss Sister Winder's Devotional on Tues. March 19 at 11:00 a.m.

If you're feeling musical, the BYU Wind Symphony is always a delight, Wed. March 7 at 7:30 p.m.

Get in the spirit for St. Patrick's Day with the Utah Symphony's Irish Night! Tues. March 13 at 8:00 p.m.—students get bargain prices so it's a great deal any way you look at it!